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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1939.



**WEIRDER THAN ANY NOVELIST'S PICTURE OF WAR ON MARS OR ON THE MOON: BRITISH TROOPS AT SPRAY-GAS DRILL, CROUCHING UNDER THEIR PROTECTIVE CLOTHING.**

Although none of the belligerents has so far made use of gas, all troops go into battle fully prepared to meet it, not to mention the precautions taken to guard civilian populations. This grim photograph shows men at spray-gas drill. The spray method of discharging mustard gas from aircraft was utilised by the Italians in Abyssinia. To emit the spray, however, the aeroplane must descend to a height of not more than 300 feet above the ground, and to obtain maximum

effectiveness, to 100 or 150 feet; at which heights it would have to run the gauntlet of intense anti-aircraft fire. From greater heights the spray would be uselessly dissipated. In the drill illustrated here the men place their rifles between their legs and crouch down, spreading their mackintoshes so as to mask their puttees. When the gas has passed, they slip their anti-gas outfit off and leave it on the ground to be decontaminated. (A.P.)





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE great events which we are witnessing in the world to-day, and whose consequences we may all of us in a greater or lesser degree be soon experiencing to the full, seem so unprecedented that many imagine that they can have no parallel in human history. In a sense, this is so: no set of historical circumstances is ever precisely the same as any other. Yet history, if it does not repeat itself in detail, none the less does so in general. It does so again and again. For human nature, and the varied manifestations of it which we call national character, do not change, and, confronted with anything even approaching similar circumstances, they operate in the same way. The lust for wider power felt by those who govern great empires, for instance, almost invariably seems to follow the same course. And by studying its action in the past, one may hope to gauge its probable course in the future.

For this reason the historian may sometimes prove a better hand at interpreting the present than the ephemeral "expert" or journalist whose knowledge is bounded by what is passing under his own eyes. He can at least call to mind what has happened in other times, even though he may misinterpret it. And much of what is happening now has happened before under different forms. For instance, the union of two great military Powers of otherwise diametrically opposite interests to extinguish the liberty of the gallant but ill-fated race who have the ill-fortune to live between them. In days like these, outward appearances have a way of disappearing very rapidly and leaving bare the harsh realities underneath. We are being educated very swiftly. The idea of a peace-loving, international law-abiding Russia has been shown up at last, even in this sheltered country, for the absurdity it was. It was one, however, that never deceived any of Russia's immediate neighbours, who were all far too well aware of what happened to Little Red Riding Hood to invite the wolf into their houses to save them from the Teuton tiger prowling outside. They knew that where Russia had been before, a powerful and reviving Russia would one day wish to go again. The greater part of Poland, part of Rumania, all Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania once belonged to imperial Muscovy, who ruled them, as she always rules, by the knout and the bayonet. "Czar" Stalin differs little in this respect from Czar Nicholas or, for that matter, from Ivan the Terrible. Ideologies, like other religions, may obtain an amazing ascendancy for a time over even the rulers of mankind. But they never maintain it for long. The common people, with their simple piety, hold fast in their private lives to the beliefs of the creators of faith—the prophets, the evangelists and the martyrs. But the statesmen and the men of the green table soon revert to the realities of national policy. They may still pay lip-service to the old and still popular ideals of their professed faith. But it is lip-service only. Even the men of faith, themselves, if they turn statesmen, covertly turn their coats to suit their new employment. Less than seven years of power have already transformed the hungry visionary of Munich into an impatient and greedy Frederick the Great. "The scum of the earth, I believe?" he bows politely, in Low's cartoon, over the corpse of prostrate Poland to his fellow-conspirator. "The bloody assassin of the workers, I presume?" Stalin smilingly answers. The high priests of Nazi-ism and Communism are not the hallowed dreamers their devotees supposed them. *Au fond* they are only a pair of ambitious imperialists on the prowl. And chance—aided not a little by the vagaries and contradictions of post-war democratic

politics—has set them on the prowl together. The hunt has had its first kill. Even by the time these words appear in print it may well be having a second.

For Stalin is the ruler of an empire that in the century or more before the Great War had succeeded in extending its sway from the Baltic to the Pacific. Through many blood-stained but pertinacious generations it had fought its way from the inland Steppes

to the remote and beckoning seas, where the richest prizes of civilisation and power can alone be obtained. Northwards it had penetrated to the ice-locked Arctic: in the other direction to the inland Black Sea and Caspian. But, for all its vast size, population and resources, wherever it at last reached the sea, it suffered a disappointment. For it reached only seas of limited access. Archangel was open to shipping for only a few months in the year; the Baltic was landlocked by the Skagerrak and Sound. Guarding the Black Sea was the bottle-neck of the Bosphorus, and beyond it the Dardanelles, tightly held in the clasp of a foreign Power. For years Russia struggled for the golden prize of Constantinople; and she remembers that it was not only the obstinate patriotism of the Turk that denied it her but the jealous watch of the Mediterranean-conscious world Power whose capital lay on distant Thames. At one time, Russia, in her age-long search for the sea, seemed likely to clash with the same blue-water empire in another sphere. All through the middle years of the nineteenth century English statesmen were haunted by fear of Russian expansion behind the Khyber Pass and Hindu Kush. For India, an Asian peninsula, once freed from the Union Jack, offered to the Russian imperialists a stepping-stone to another ocean: a jetty, as it were, projecting into the great sea-routes of the world and locked by no alien straits or fortress. Within the next year we may well see a revival of that hope.

There is another point at which Russia may seek sea-access at the expense of the *status quo*—by what, that is, we have learnt to call aggression. During the past generation Scandinavia has presented the appearance of a little heaven of peace in a foolish, warring world—of States, free alike from territorial ambition and the threat of invasion, who have been able to concentrate their energies on quality of life rather than on quantitative wealth and power, and to build up a civilisation as perfect in its small way as any to be found, or ever to have been found, on this restless earth. That immunity from the disturbance of outside power may not continue much longer. For Scandinavia is what India is, and that which neither Black Sea nor Baltic can ever be, an open window on to the Atlantic Ocean. Someone very strong covets that window. It is that which landlocked, barbarous Russia in its age-long search for wealth and civilisation most needs. And if Russia needs it, we can see clearly now that no consideration of Peace, international law or ideology will prevent her rulers from taking it if and while they can.

All this, of course, clashes with what (in the language of imperialism) are called the "vital" needs and security of that other great military, aggressive and imperial Power, to-day our chief fear and enemy, Nazi Germany. In normal times Russia can only hope to advance to the Atlantic at the cost of war with Germany. But the latter is engaged, and is likely to be increasingly engaged, in a life-and-death struggle. It was the fore-knowledge of that struggle that drove Hitler into the arms of Stalin this summer and brought about the phenomenon, so astonishing to the general public, but little so to the student of history, the Russo-German "non-aggression" (delicious phrase!) Pact. It has given Russia her first great opportunity since her defeat by the Poles on the Vistula in 1920. Left to themselves, Germany and Russia, with their clashing economic and strategic interests and their age-long enmity of Slav-Teuton, would inevitably fall out. Temporarily they are in conjunction and their warring interests seem identical. And those interests, so long as they remain in conjunction, bode very ill for their weaker and more civilised neighbours.



THE KING AND QUEEN'S FIRST JOINT VISIT TO TROOPS SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR: THEIR MAJESTIES BEING INTRODUCED TO OFFICERS AFTER A SIX-MILE DRIVE THROUGH CHEERING LINES OF SOLDIERS AND KHAKI-CLAD GIRLS OF THE A.T.S.



THE QUEEN CHATTING TO AN OFFICER DURING HER FIRST WARTIME INSPECTION OF TROOPS. HER MAJESTY CARRIED HER GAS-MASK IN A GREY VELVET CONTAINER.

On September 27, the King and Queen paid their first joint visit to the troops since the war began. They received a tremendous welcome, and drove through six miles of cheering men. Her Majesty had returned from seeing the Princesses at Balmoral only the day before. Infantrymen, sappers, artillerymen, and other units, together with the khaki-clad girls of the A.T.S., lined the road, cheering as the royal car drove by. During their drive they saw men wearing battle dress, khaki service uniform and fatigue dress—in fact, every kind of kit, including one big party of newly-joined recruits in civilian dress. After having tea with the divisional commander, their Majesties returned to London by car.

Photographs by Keystone and P.N.A.



# THE NAZIS' *BÊTE NOIR*: THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



BEFORE THE MICROPHONE AT HIS RECENT BROADCAST: MR. CHURCHILL, WHO VOICES THE NATION'S "WILL TO WIN" IN HIS ILLUMINATING SPEECHES; AND WHO HAS HAD THE ANTI-U-BOAT CAMPAIGN PRESSED ON WITH THE UTMOST VIGOUR.

It is significant that Mr. Churchill, whose illuminating speech in the House of Commons on September 26, and broadcast on October 1, gave concrete evidence of the progress being made with the winning of the war, is the *bête noir* of Nazi propaganda, and is always singled out for the most scurrilous abuse. These hysterical denunciations show plainly that he is a statesman the Germans fear. Mr. Churchill's "will to win" has found concrete expression in the vigour and success with which the Navy has carried on the campaign against the U-boats. On September 26 he pointed out that the British attack upon the U-boats was only just beginning. "Our hunting forces are getting stronger every day,"

he said. "By the end of October we expect to have three times the hunting force operating at the beginning of the war." Concluding his broadcast address, the First Lord quoted John Bright on the American Civil War for the abolition of Slavery: "At last, after the smoke of the battlefield had cleared away, the horrid shape which had cast its shadow over the whole Continent had vanished and was gone for ever." Mr. Churchill provided the Empire with an excellent war-motto, in the declaration: "We have only to persevere to conquer," with which he concluded his first review of British naval activities, in the House of Commons. (P.N.A.)



# THE MUCH DISCUSSED HOW THE CENSORS DO THEIR WORK;

# MINISTRY OF INFORMATION: AND THE ISSUING OF NEWS TO THE PRESS.



CENSURING MATERIAL FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION: A LANGUAGE EXPERT AT WORK IN THE TRANSLATION ROOM. (Fox.)

SQUADRON-LEADER ELDON (LEFT) CENSURING PHOTOGRAPHS, WHICH OFTEN PROVIDE UNSUSPECTED DATA TO THE ENEMY. (Kyrleme.)



PRESS CENSORS AT WORK AT THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION: MEN WITH A COMPLEX TASK INVOLVING GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. (Kyrleme.)



THE PRESS ROOM, FREQUENTED BY REPORTERS AND EDITORIAL REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE LATEST NEWS BULLETINS. A CERTAIN PROPORTION OF THE NEWS READ DAILY BY THE PUBLIC IS ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY ITSELF. (Fox.)



AN EDITORIAL CONFERENCE OF SENIOR OFFICIALS OF THE MINISTRY: SHOWING (LEFT) MR. TOM CLARKE, DEPUTY DIRECTOR, NEWS DIVISION; (CENTRE) THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, MR. J. H. BRENNER; AND CAPTAIN TAPPELL DORLING, IN NAVAL UNIFORM. (Kyrleme.)



REPORTERS AND EDITORIAL REPRESENTATIVES QUEUING UP FOR COPIES OF THE LATEST NEWS BULLETINS. A CERTAIN PROPORTION OF THE NEWS READ DAILY BY THE PUBLIC IS ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY ITSELF. (Fox.)



THE NEWS-COPY CENSOR ROOM: WHERE COPY IS READ BEFORE BEING RETURNED TO THE WAITING REPORTERS AND EDITORIAL REPRESENTATIVES. (Fox.)



THE CENSOR: VICE-ADMIRAL C. V. USBORNE, A FORMER DIRECTOR OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, NOW DIRECTOR OF THE CENSORSHIP DIVISION, AT THE MINISTRY. (Fox.)



NEWSPAPERS AND AGENCIES: SHOWING THE PRESS CALL-BOXES ROUND THE WALLS. (Fox.)



NAVAL RATINGS AS MESSENGERS, BEHIND THEM IS FILED THE "TAPE" WITH THE NEWS SENT OUT BY ALL THE GREAT AGENCIES. (Fox.)



WHERE ALL NEWS ITEMS AND ARTICLES FOR FOREIGN JOURNALS ARE CAREFULLY READ BY A STAFF OF EXPERTS AND CENSORED: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TRANSLATION ROOM AT THE MINISTRY. (Fox.)



A NEWS BULLETIN BEING BROADCAST FROM THE PRESS ROOM BY MR. J. H. BRENNER, THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, NEWS DIVISION, BEFORE BEING MADE AVAILABLE TO REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH PRESS AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS. (Fox.)

The Ministry of Information, which is responsible for the issue of much news to the Press and for the censorship of the Press, is established in the great new University of London Senate House building. Its organization is, of course, all new, and its working has not escaped criticism. As the result of this, Sir John Simon said in the House of Commons on September 29 that a

full investigation into the working of the Ministry was proceeding under the direction of the Minister, Lord Macmillan. The case for Press and public was succinctly stated as far back as September 8 in "The Times," which declared that the new Ministry, "like everyone else, has to reach its maximum efficiency quickly under war pressure" and could do that only if it learned

by its mistakes. In the House of Lords on September 15 Lord Camrose, who, with Sir Findlater Stewart, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India, was afterwards co-opted for service in the Ministry of Information, declared of it: "The whole thing has been conceived on a scale which has amazed those whose everyday business it is to handle problems of the kind which

are entrusted to the Ministry": while on September 26 the National Council of Labour passed a resolution registering "deep dissatisfaction" with the activities both of the Ministry of Information and the B.B.C. According to statistics given in Parliament the staff, including regional officers, totals 999 and includes 388 Civil Servants, 50 officers of the fighting Services, and 43 professional journalists.



# PRACTISING A FAVOURITE ARMoured WARFARE MANŒUVRE: BRITISH TANKS SWOOPING OUT OF A SMOKE-SCREEN.



SMOKE—A VALUABLE AID TO THE TANK IN MAKING LIGHTNING THRUSTS SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF TANK WARFARE:

Ever since tanks began to be widely used, from 1917 onwards, smoke-screens have played an important part in tank tactics, by assisting the attackers in obtaining surprise and protecting the tanks from artillery fire. This photograph gives a vivid impression of tanks suddenly appearing through clouds of smoke and dust. The following description of the use of smoke

in tank warfare is of some interest, since it is drawn from a German Army handbook, "Panzertruppen" ("Armoured Troops"). Three principal ways of using smoke can be distinguished: firing of smoke-shell by artillery already in position, by way of preparation for a tank attack; the firing of smoke-shell by means of mobile artillery accompanying the tanks themselves;



A PHOTOGRAPH OF BRITISH MACHINES MAKING USE OF THIS MOST EFFECTIVE DEVICE FOR FOILING ANTI-TANK GUNS.

and, finally, the projection of smoke from the tanks themselves. The first form of smoke-screening is by no means a novelty, being similar to that used with infantry attacks. The laying of smoke-screens by artillery accompanying the tanks would be carried out by batteries or sections following in depth behind the first waves of the tank attack. This might also be carried

out by trench-mortars. The German writer is doubtful of the advantages of smoke projected by the tanks themselves. It would only work under exceptionally favourable wind conditions. Readers will not fail to notice, however, that the writer, with his next threefold division, has omitted one obvious form of smoke-screen available for tank attacks, namely, smoke-screens laid by aircraft. (1939)



# LAST WORDS OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST MODERN ART CRITIC.

"LAST LECTURES": By ROGER FRY.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

ROGER FRY, when he died, was completing a course of lectures which he was giving at Cambridge as Slade Professor. "Fry had," says Sir Kenneth Clark, in this collection of those of them which he had completed, "promised himself the sort of intellectual adventure which he loved. He was going to apply his theories of aesthetics to the visual art of the whole world, in roughly chronological sequence, from Egypt to the present day. He had arrived at the later period of Greek art when he died."

It is a pity that he could not finish his survey: "It is difficult not to feel that the most interesting lectures of the series were still to come. In particular the confusing period between the decay of classical and the rise of mediæval art needs to be treated with his ever-present sense of aesthetic value. The whole problem of that period lies in the distinction between the two forms of departure from the classical tradition: the one due to provincial incompetence, the other to a new aesthetic intuition. In making that distinction the tests of sensibility and vitality would have had an historical as well as a critical value. Byzantine art, too, requires detached critical examination. After centuries of neglect it has become irradiated with fashionable approbation, and practically no attempt has been made to discriminate between its rare masterpieces and the mass of effete and insignificant objects which have only a certain negative good taste to recommend them. Who but Fry had the equipment and the authority for such an undertaking? His views on the arts of the Renaissance and modern world have been expressed more often, and the lectures on those periods would necessarily have contained fewer revaluations. But how gladly we should have seen these familiar objects take their place in the whole scheme; how eagerly we should have welcomed some heroes of the old world to redress the balance of the new. For as the lectures stand at present, the new worlds of æsthetic responsiveness, Negro, Maya, Chinese, have a disproportionate prominence over the arts of our Western European civilisation which once seemed so complete and all embracing."

It is a very great pity indeed. When one has finished this exciting book one is eager to hear what this enthusiastic and persuasive guide has to say about all the great of the past and what undiscovered beauties he may find in the neglected. It isn't so much for the sake of revaluations. Fry was capable of extravagance in the light of passing theory: as Sir Kenneth points out, two Chinese drawings which he compares to the greatest masters are more like casual scribbles on a piece of dirty blotting-paper. But he himself pointed out the folly of an eighteenth-century theorist who, giving points for composition, chiaroscuro, etc., concluded that Albano was a greater painter than Leonardo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and all the rest of them. What one finds in Fry is a man of rich nature, who has trained himself to look at everything with a fresh eye, has discarded traditional values (only sometimes throwing the baby out with the bath) and, with a world of scholarship on which to draw for comparisons, can conduct us past primitive pots, Oriental bronzes, Hellenistic statues, Florentine paintings, and the works of the very latest experimenters, and, turning on each of them his clear lamp, reveal to us beauties

and defects previously unseen by us or dimly understood. And chiefly beauties; he was best as a praiser, and

that may well excuse him for his occasional exaggerations of eulogy when he thought artists were refused fair consideration.

"He was going to apply his theories of aesthetics," says Sir Kenneth. Well, there are certain preliminary chapters about sensibility and vitality, and there is a good deal of talk about planes and the plastic. But a natural taste (a matter partly of the spirit) plus education is worth more than an æsthetic theory, and those who attempt to formulate a comprehensive æsthetic theory are bound to land in contradictions, there being so many mansions in the house of art. His revulsion against "literary" pictures led him to an indefensible position as regards those pictures, like Giotto's in which the dramatic element is indissolubly bound up with the design; and, for all his talk of pleasure in purely visual arrangements, when he gets on to the statuary of the Egyptians, the Greeks and Maillol, he is looking not so much for the mere arrangement of planes as for the expressed inner life, whether of the artist or of the subject.

Agreement in detail with such a man is not necessary; what we get from him is illumination and stimulus. I suppose the orthodox will get the greatest shocks from his passages on Greek sculpture and pottery. Those immaculately perfect vases, with their mathematical paintings, he classes (like the objects in Tutankhamen's tomb) with the most expensive products of Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix, as mere articles of luxury made for the rich who want costliness to show; and, though he knows that we know little of Greek sculpture at first hand, and does not carry his criticism to extremes, he argues effectively against the worship of the fifth century, and is almost contemptuous about those wooden archaic affairs (derived from Egypt) which modern classical scholars have admired in droves.

Like Ruskin, and every other critic of power, in the last resort it is truth he demands. A visual art should be true (though not photographically) to appearances, and once artists begin to drift away from them artistic death ensues. As Chesterton remarked, we have to keep on whitewashing a white wall if we do not wish it to become black, and perpetually art has to be hustled out of petrification. It was his belief that Cézanne and his contemporaries had once more fulfilled the necessary duty of clearing away the scales and looking at nature with their own eyes (together, of course, with their own genius for æsthetic values) that made him proclaim their greatness. Whether Cézanne will long sustain Fry's opinion nobody can tell, but he was certainly salutary.

It is a rich and delightful book, and I cannot end my remarks without a word about the hundreds of photographs. There is an immense amount of them, with here a Scythian bear and here a carpet by Duncan Grant. But their greatest charm is that they are not merely an anthology of beauties, but are chosen to illustrate points. There are, consequently, scores of accredited works of art which are shown in order that Fry shall point out not their familiar merits, but their notable defects or fundamental futility. It would make an agreeable game for a reader to go through the pictures just trying to formulate a really honest and fearless view of each and then look up the text to see how far Fry agrees with him, and why, or why not.



TO ROGER FRY "FASHIONABLE PORTRAITS," STRIKING "A NOTE OF MUNDANITY, OF CHIC, WHICH IS UNMISTAKABLE": TWO OF THE KORAI OF THE ACROPOLIS.



IONIAN WORK, CONTEMPORARY WITH THE ARCHAIC GREEK ART IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPHS, SUGGESTING "THE EXISTENCE OF A VERY DISTINCT ÆSTHETIC IDEA": CARYATIDS FROM THE CNIDIAN AND SIPHNIAN TREASURIES.

Of the Korai in the upper photographs Roger Fry says: "They are extraordinarily brilliant in their execution. . . . There is a note of mundanity, of chic, which is unmistakable. They are simply fashionable portraits." The Caryatids "suggest the existence of a very distinct æsthetic idea. . . . There is a greater sense of character than in most of the work of the time. And this is due to the sensibility of the modelling."

Reproductions from "Last Lectures"; by Courtesy of the Cambridge University Press.



GREEK ART DURING THE TRANSITION FROM ARCHAISM TO THE "GOLDEN AGE" CONTRASTED WITH MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE: THE FLUTE-PLAYER FROM THE LUDOVISI THRONE; AND A FIGURE BY MAILLOL.

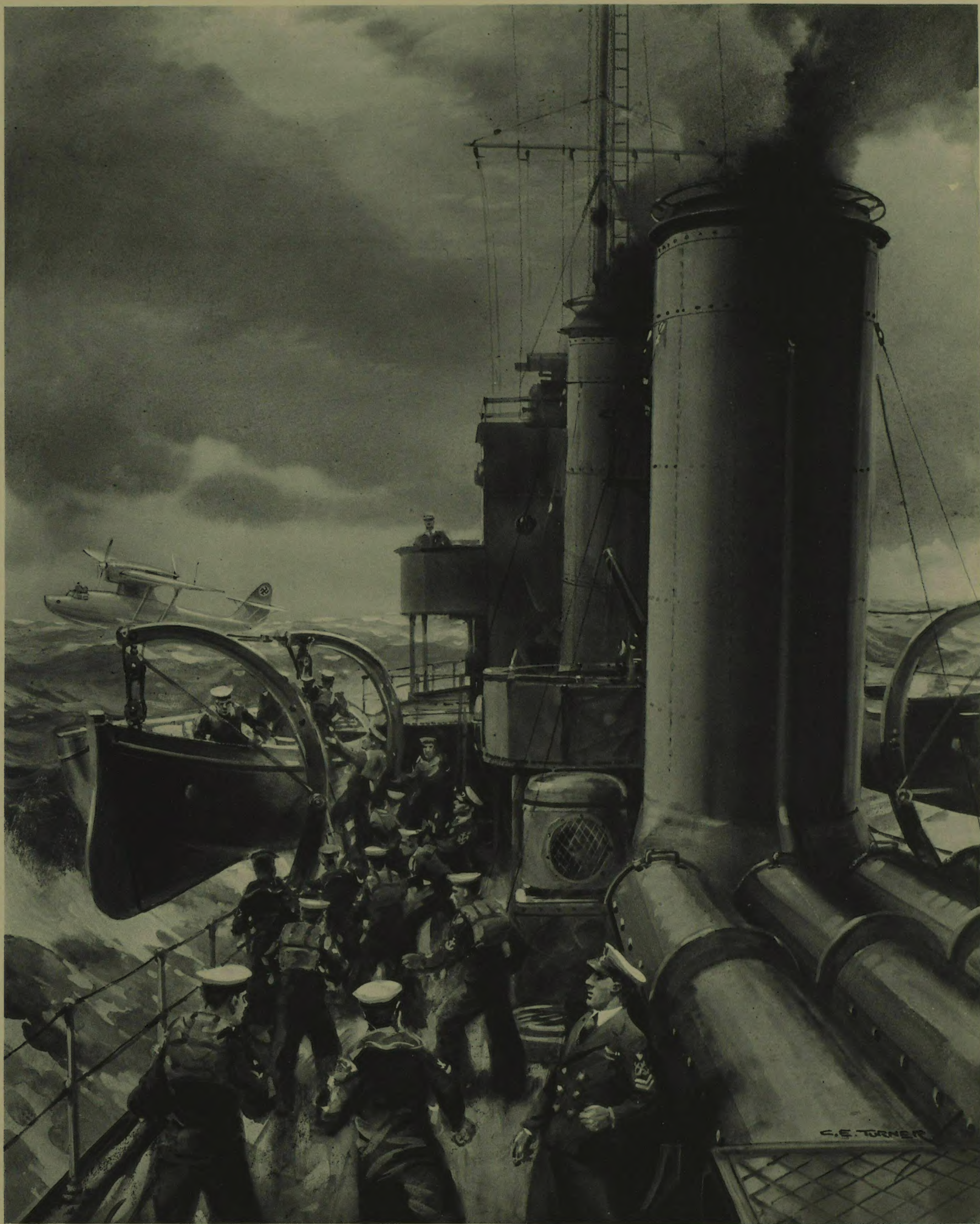
As Sir John Squire remarks in his accompanying article: "The orthodox will get the greatest shocks from his [Roger Fry's] passages on Greek sculpture." Thus of the Ludovisi bas relief he says: "The thighs of this flute-player are hardly distinguishable from the mere inflated roundness of the cushions on which she is sitting. . . . a statuette of Maillol gives us a curiously apposite comparison. . . . It has the fulness and density of nature, interpreted according to a single rhythmic idea incessantly varied."

\* "Last Lectures." By Roger Fry, Slade Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Cambridge, 1933-34. With an Introduction by Kenneth Clark. 320 Illustrations. (Cambridge University Press; 21s.)



## AFTER THE ACTION OF SEPTEMBER 27: "COLLECTING" A NAZI FLYING-BOAT.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER FROM AUTHENTIC DATA SUPPLIED.



A DESTROYER GETTING OUT A BOAT TO RESCUE THE CREW OF A GERMAN AIRCRAFT SHOT DOWN IN THE FRUITLESS ATTACK ON A BRITISH SQUADRON IN THE NORTH SEA ON SEPTEMBER 27—AS DESCRIBED BY MR. CHURCHILL IN THE HOUSE.

While the German Navy has reverted to its former inhumane methods of warfare, the Royal Navy still maintains its age-old traditions of chivalry at sea. On September 27 twenty German aircraft attempted to bomb a squadron of the Home Fleet in the middle of the North Sea, about 150 miles from Norway, but were repulsed with the total loss of two warplanes and one badly damaged. None of our battleships were hit, and there were no British casualties. The incident illustrated

in the above drawing, based on authentic data supplied by reliable authorities, occurred when one of the German flying-boats was brought down by the guns of the Fleet. "We sent out a destroyer to collect her," Mr. Churchill said, in the announcement of the action given to the House of Commons, "and the crew of four were brought in as prisoners." The actual attack by the aircraft on the British squadron forms the subject of the double-page drawing on pages 546-547.



# A GERMAN AIR ATTACK ON A BRITISH SQUADRON THAT WAS A COSTLY FAILURE: THE NORTH SEA "EPISODE" OF SEPT. 27.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H.

DAVIS, FROM AUTHENTIC DATA SUPPLIED.



DESCRIBED BY MENDACIOUS NAZI WIRELESS PROPAGANDA AS A MAJOR ACTION "WITH BRITISH BUT NO GERMAN WHILE THE ENEMY LOST A TENTH OF THEIR ATTACKING FORCE: A DRAWING

A striking vindication of the attitude adopted before the war, and particularly at the time of the Abyssinian crisis, by certain experts who maintained that the Navy would always be able to counter attacks from the air was provided in the fight between a squadron of the Home Fleet and a German force of twenty aircraft on September 27 in the North Sea, 150 miles off the coast of Norway. None of our warships was even hit, and no casualties were suffered, while two enemy aircraft were lost and another badly damaged. As listeners to the German broadcasts in English might have

expected, a whole series of unfounded claims as the result of the engagement was immediately put over the ether by the Berlin wireless propaganda station, which received their quick refutation from the First Lord of the Admiralty himself, speaking in the House of Commons only a short time after the actual happenings. Asked by Mr. Alexander, a former Labour First Lord, whether he could make any statement on the announcement by the German High Command that "an aircraft-carrier was destroyed and a British battleship badly damaged, while the German aircraft had returned to their base without



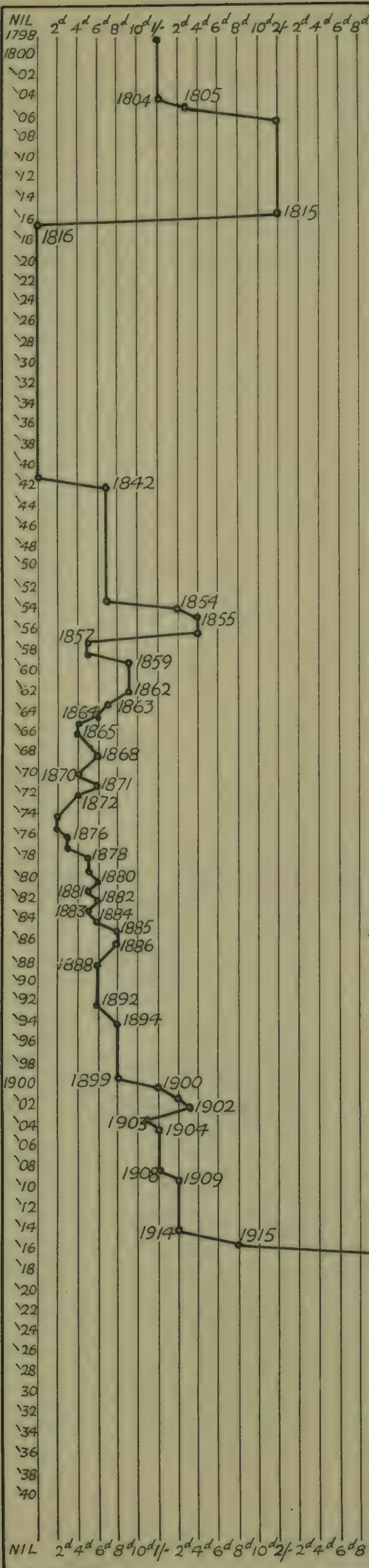
LOSSES," BUT BY ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES FORBES AS A MERE "EPISODE" IN WHICH NO BRITISH SHIP WAS TOUCHED, OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER AT SEA BETWEEN A BRITISH SQUADRON AND ENEMY AEROPLANES.

loss," Mr. Churchill declared, amid loud cheers from all parts of the House, that no British ship had been hit and there were no British casualties, but that two German flying-boats were brought down and another badly damaged, and that a crew of four were taken prisoner. The stupid German insistence that the aircraft-carrier "Ark Royal" had been sunk led to a complete show-down: for the U.S. Naval Attaché visited the Home Fleet and reported the "Ark Royal" not only afloat, but completely undamaged. The raid served the purpose, undesired by the German High Command, of revealing the

limitations of this form of attack on warships at sea, for in spite of the fact that the enemy planes were able to take advantage of low-lying clouds to dive-bomb units of the Home Fleet, they failed to register a single hit. In the above drawing the hostile aircraft, surrounded by bursting anti-aircraft shells fired from the British ships, are manoeuvring at a considerable height among low-lying clouds, while their bombs fall harmlessly into the sea. The episode occurred when a squadron of the Fleet was, as is usual in such cases, conveying to port a British submarine which had been damaged.

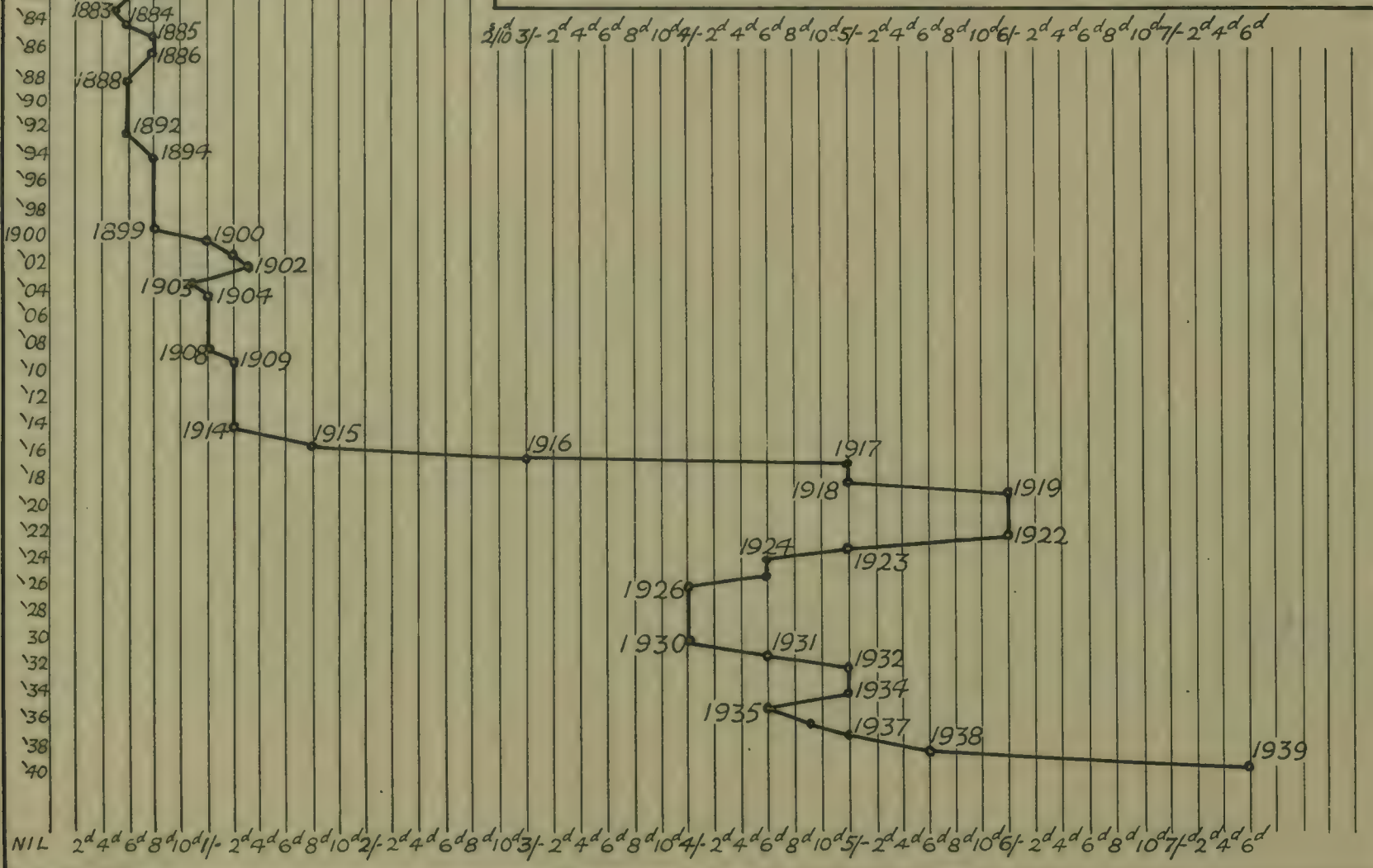


# THE EBB AND FLOW OF INCOME TAX RATES: FROM 2d. IN THE £ TO 7/6!



PRODUCE OF INCOME SINCE 1800					
THE FIGURES ARE GIVEN IN ROUND HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS AND MILLIONS OF POUNDS TO FACILITATE COMPARISON.					
Year	£	Year	£	Year	£
1800	6,000,000	1877	5,200,000	1908	32,400,000
1804	5,000,000	1878	5,800,000	1909	33,900,000
1806	11,500,000	1879	8,700,000	1910	37,600,000
1808	16,500,000	1880	9,200,000	1911	39,000,000
1815	15,000,000	1881	10,600,000	1912	41,000,000
1842	500,000	1882	9,900,000	1913	43,000,000
1844	5,100,000	1883	11,900,000	1914	63,000,000
1846	5,300,000	1884	10,700,000	1915	118,000,000
1852	5,500,000	1885	12,000,000	1916	201,000,000
1855	10,600,000	1886	15,100,000	1917	220,000,000
1856	15,000,000	1887	15,900,000	1918	303,000,000
1857	16,000,000	1888	14,400,000	1919	330,000,000
1858	11,500,000	1889	12,700,000	1920	350,000,000
1859	6,600,000	1890	12,800,000	1922	337,000,000
1860	9,500,000	1891	13,200,000	1923	314,800,000
1861	10,900,000	1892	13,400,000	1924	271,400,000
1862	10,300,000	1893	13,400,000	1925	275,456,000
1863	10,500,000	1894	15,600,000	1926	259,000,000
1864	9,000,000	1895	15,600,000	1927	234,000,000
1865	7,900,000	1896	16,100,000	1928	250,000,000
1866	6,300,000	1897	16,600,000	1929	237,600,000
1867	5,700,000	1898	17,200,000	1930	237,800,000
1868	6,100,000	1899	18,000,000	1931	255,000,000
1869	8,600,000	1900	18,700,000	1932	288,000,000
1870	10,000,000	1901	26,900,000	1933	250,000,000
1871	6,300,000	1902	34,800,000	1934	228,000,000
1872	9,000,000	1903	38,800,000	1935	229,000,000
1873	7,400,000	1904	30,800,000	1936	237,000,000
1874	5,600,000	1905	31,200,000	1937	257,000,000
1875	4,300,000	1906	31,300,000	1938	298,000,000
1876	4,100,000	1907	31,600,000	1939	319,000,000

WAR has always provided a fertile soil for the growth of taxation, and often directly for that of Income Tax. Sir John Simon's War Budget raised the rate to the highest point in its history, to the lofty figure of 7s. 6d. in the £ (though in practice the rate is to be 7s. for the rest of this year). Yet in December 1798 William Pitt proposed and carried a tax of 2s. in the £, "as an aid for the prosecution of the war." And the eighteenth-century florin was worth a great deal more than 2s. is to-day. Pitt's tax was passed in January 1799, and operated on incomes of £200 and upwards, the tax on those between £60-£200 being graduated. Incomes under £60 were exempted. The yield, in 1800, was £5,716,572. In 1816, the year after Waterloo, Income Tax was abolished, not to be reintroduced until 1842, when Sir Robert Peel's bill was passed on June 22, the rate being 7d. in the £ on incomes of £150 and upward. It produced £5,000,000 annually. In 1854 the Crimean War broke out: the rate of Income Tax was doubled. In 1856 peace was proclaimed: the rate was reduced to 7d.; and in 1858 to 5d. It should here be mentioned perhaps that there was also a separate and reduced rate of tax on incomes between £100-£150: in our graph the maximum rate has, of course, been plotted. By 1865 the rate had fallen to 4d. In November 1867 the Abyssinian War began—and the rate went up, though only to 5d. By 1874 the rate fell to 2d., the lowest it was to reach. At the turn of the century the rate stood at 1s.; at the beginning of the war of 1914-18 it was again 1s. Thenceforth its rise and fall will be familiar to most of our readers, rising as high as 6s. in 1919, and falling to 4s. between 1926-30. Super Tax was introduced in the "Lloyd George" Budget of 1909, at the rate of 6d. in the £ for incomes over £5000, the first £3000 not being charged.



A GRAPH SHOWING THE VARIATION IN THE RATE OF INCOME TAX FROM ITS FIRST IMPOSITION IN 1799 TO THE RATE ANNOUNCED BY SIR JOHN SIMON ON SEPTEMBER 27, 1939; WITH A TABLE OF THE INCOME TAX YIELD BETWEEN THOSE DATES.





A.R.P. FOR HITLER IN LONDON!: A MOVING WAXWORK OF THE GERMAN FÜHRER BEING CONVEYED FROM THE COUNTRY FOR EXHIBITION AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. (Keystone.)

## THE TRANSFORMATION WROUGHT BY WAR: SCENES IN URBAN AND RURAL ENGLAND.



ALLIED MILITARY LEADERS FOR MADAME TUSSAUD'S: MR. BERNARD TUSSAUD WORKING ON A BUST OF GENERAL GAMLIN, WITH (LEFT) BUSTS OF GENERAL LORD GORT AND GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE. (Keystone.)



WORKMEN ERECTING A SIREN NEAR A POLICE-BOX IN A LONDON STREET SO THAT INHABITANTS OF THE METROPOLIS MAY RECEIVE TIMELY WARNING. (Barratts.)



MASKS FOR HEADLAMPS ON MOTOR-CARS: TRYING OUT ONE OF THE NEW OFFICIAL HEADLAMP MASKS SUPPLIED BY THE HOME OFFICE TO A.R.P. PERSONNEL. (Keystone.)



CALCULATED TO GIVE THE BARE ILLUMINATION NECESSARY FOR PROGRESS DURING AN AIR-RAID BLACK-OUT: A GOVERNMENT HEADLAMP MASK BEING FITTED. (Keystone.)



FORMERLY HOLDING CANVASES OF FAMOUS MASTERS, NOW REMOVED TO A PLACE OF SAFETY: EMPTY FRAMES, WITH THEIR GLASS, ON THE WALLS OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. (S. and G.)



A BLESSING FOR MEN FIGHTING TO PRESERVE THE WORLD FROM "ANIMALISM AND MATERIALISM": CARDINAL HINSLEY, WHO THUS STIGMATISED NAZI-ISM, WITH TROOPS ON WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL LAWN. (Keystone.)

The transformation from peacetime conditions to the stern necessities of modern war preparedness has been effected so quickly, and with such apparent facility, that the average citizen is already acclimatised to the new order of things. Yet there are certain accessories of the belligerent life (so to speak) which have so far been heard but not seen, except by an A.R.P. minority. Such is the air-raid siren, whose musical warblings happily left the autumnal quiet undisturbed for many days together, but which—as illustrated above—is to be found in ever-

increasing numbers in London. London's museums and art galleries, emptied of all their priceless treasures, remain forlorn and deserted reminders of a happier world; while the new Home Office headlamp masks constitute pathetic emblems of the seemingly immovable nightly black-out. The solemn High Mass for the victory of the Allied Forces was offered at Westminster Cathedral on October 1. Cardinal Hinsley afterwards inspected troops, who had attended this mass, on the lawn of the Cathedral and blessed them.



# POLAND CRUSHED BY TWO INVADERS: THE RED ARMY ADVANCES.



RUSSIAN TROOPS ENTERING VILNA AFTER THE DECLARATION BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT OF THE "DISINTEGRATION" OF THE POLISH STATE—THE FIRST TELEPHOTO TRANSMITTED TO LONDON SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR. (A.P.)



SOME OF THE "BLOOD-RELATIONS LIVING ON POLISH TERRITORY" WHICH THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT DEEMED IT THEIR "SACRED DUTY" TO PROTECT: PEASANTS AT GRODETSK GREETING RED ARMY TANKS. (Planet.)



THE SOVIET INVASION OF EASTERN POLAND, OSTENSIBLY TO PROTECT RUSSIAN MINORITIES IN THE WESTERN UKRAINE AND WESTERN BELORUSSIA: A RED ARMY TANK PASSING THROUGH A STREET IN RAKOV. (Planet.)



EVIDENCE OF THE RAPID SOVIETISATION OF EASTERN POLAND, WHERE A MILLION PORTRAITS OF STALIN ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED: RED ARMY SOLDIERS DISTRIBUTING MOSCOW NEWSPAPERS TO PEASANTS. (Planet.)



THE FOURTH PARTITION OF POLAND: THE RUSSIAN PLENIPOTENTIARY, BOROWENSKI, STUDYING A MAP WITH GERMAN OFFICERS, AT BREST LITOVSK, WHERE GERMAN AND RUSSIAN TROOPS MET ON SEPTEMBER 18. (Central Press.)



UNSMILINGLY ENTERING HIS ARMoured CAR: THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER, BOROWENSKI, LEAVING BREST LITOVSK AFTER AGREEING UPON THE LINE OF DEMARCATION, WITH EQUALLY UNSMILING GERMAN OFFICERS. (Wide World.)

After mobilising the strength of the Red Army up to the significant and formidable total of four million men, the Russian Government announced on September 17 that it had directed the High Command of the Red Army to order the troops to cross the frontier "and take under their protection the life and property of the population of Western Ukraine and Western White Russia" which formed part of pre-war Russia. The reason advanced was that the Polish Government had disintegrated and no longer showed any sign of life, and the Moscow

authorities were at pains to explain to the British, French, and neutral Ambassadors that it was not an act of war. Vilna, in northern Poland, was occupied without resistance on September 18, German and Russian troops meeting on the same day at Brest Litovsk, the place where Germany imposed a crushing peace treaty on Russia in 1917. Everywhere propagandist Soviet aircraft preceded the troops, dropping leaflets in Ukrainian and Russian. The occupation was carried out by two armies commanded by Generals Kovoloff and Timoshenko.



# THE LAST DAYS OF WARSAW: FIGHTING IN THE STREETS—THEN SURRENDER.



THE RUTHLESS GERMAN BOMBARDMENT OF WARSAW, WHICH LEFT PRACTICALLY NO BUILDING INTACT, AND SMASHED HOSPITALS AND HISTORIC BUILDINGS INDISCRIMINATELY: THE SMOKE FROM FIRES RISING ABOVE THE BELEAGUERED CITY. (*Wide World.*)



THE DESPERATE DEFENCE OF WARSAW: A BARRICADE OF TRAM-CARS—WHICH A FEW DAYS BEFORE HAD BEEN CARRYING PEACEFUL CITIZENS ON THEIR EVERYDAY BUSINESS. (*Planet.*)



THE RESULTS OF THE INDISCRIMINATE AND MURDEROUS BOMBARDMENT OF WARSAW: RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS, IN THEIR ORDINARY CLOTHES, TENDING A WOUNDED MAN ON A STRETCHER. (*Planet.*)



THE END OF THE CITY'S HEROIC RESISTANCE: A COLUMN OF GERMAN TANKS CLATTERING DOWN A DESERTED STREET AFTER THE CAPITULATION; AND TYPICAL OF THE GERMAN PREPONDERANCE IN MATÉRIEL WHICH OVERWHELMED THE POLES. (*Planet.*)



THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE SURRENDER OF WARSAW: THE POLISH GENERAL KUTRZEBA BEING RECEIVED BY GERMAN OFFICERS AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS NEAR THE CITY. (*A.P.*)



POLISH REPRESENTATIVES (FOREGROUND) NEGOTIATING THE SURRENDER IN THE GERMAN HEAD-QUARTERS RAILWAY CARRIAGE (CHOSEN, PERHAPS, IN EMULATION OF FOCH'S ARMISTICE NEGOTIATIONS IN 1918); WITH GENERAL BLASKOWITZ (SECOND FROM LEFT), THE GERMAN C.-IN-C. (*Wide World.*)

Warsaw, which sustained appalling casualties from German air and land bombardment, only capitulated on September 29, after the destruction of half the city. In view of the tremendous German forces, this was one of the most heroic resistances in history. The wounded numbered 16,000 soldiers and 20,000 civilians. "Every particle of information which is brought from Germany by travellers or the neutral Press," "The Times" Rotterdam correspondent reported on October 1, "shows that the

blackest depression has been prevailing everywhere since the outbreak of war, and that the seven days' beflagging of every German city to celebrate the occupation of Warsaw will be pure mockery." The correspondent wrote that the German people had been horrified at the heavy losses suffered by the German troops in Poland, especially after the campaign had been represented as a walk-over. "Above all," he added, "the shortage of food is weighing on the people's spirits."





THE GUARDIANS OF OUR SHORES: A CRUISER WORKING WITH A DESTROYER SCREEN IN BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT ON THE NORTH SEA.

This magnificent photograph gives a vivid picture of the Navy at work, black smoke from speeding funnels contrasting with dazzling white spray. On the left is one of the 6-in. gun cruisers of the "Southampton" class, having a tonnage of 9100. The high sides of her aircraft hangar amidships are plainly visible. So

far the Navy's work has largely been U-boat hunting and contraband control, though reports of an armed raider at sea in the South Atlantic may indicate that it will soon be setting about other tasks. On the progress of the U-boat campaign we may quote Mr. Churchill. In his broadcast on October 1 he

said: "The Royal Navy has immediately attacked the U-boats and is hunting them night and day. . . . And it looks very much as if it is the U-boats who are feeling the weather, and not the Royal Navy or the world-wide commerce of Britain. . . . We are told that all the U-boats have gone home

to tell their master about their exploits and their experiences. But that is not true, because, every day, even on Sundays, we are attacking them upon the approaches to the British Isles. . . . The U-boats may be safely left to the care and attention of the British Navy." (Photograph by Fox)



# NEWS OF A WAR-RACKED EUROPE: POLAND AND HER DESTROYERS; THE TURKISH MISSION IN LONDON.



ELOQUENT OF THE MISERY OF THE PEOPLE OF POLAND: A COLUMN OF REFUGEES FLOODING ALONG A ROAD OVER AN APPARENTLY LIMITLESS PLAIN. (Planet.)



A MASS OF TRANSPORT CAPTURED—OR COMMANDEERED—BY THE GERMANS IN POLAND: SOLDIERS INSPECTING ROUGH TWO-HORSE CARTS TYPICAL OF THAT COUNTRY. (Wide World.)



GOOD OMEN FOR ANGLO-TURKISH FRIENDSHIP: THE LEADER OF THE TURKISH MILITARY MISSION, GENERAL KIAZIM ORBAY, WELCOMED IN LONDON BY LORD BIRDWOOD, WHO ONCE COMMANDED AT GALLIPOLI. (A.P.)



THE CEREMONIOUS FUNERAL OF GENERAL VON FRITSCH: GÖRING STANDING AT ATTENTION BEFORE THE BIER OF THE GERMAN ARMY LEADER, WHO HAD MANY DIFFERENCES WITH HITLER AND MET HIS END UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES IN POLAND. (Planet.)



BRITISH AIRMEN, STATED TO HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN BY GERMAN AIRCRAFT OVER THURINGIA, PHOTOGRAPHED AT A PRISONERS-OF-WAR CAMP AT ITZEHOE, NEAR HAMBURG; WITH THEIR GUARDS. (A.P.)



RIBBENTROP'S SECOND VISIT TO MOSCOW—AFTER THE PARTITION OF POLAND: THE NAZI FOREIGN MINISTER RECEIVED BY THE RED FOREIGN COMMISSAR POTEMKIN (LEFT); WITH THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN BERLIN ON THE RIGHT. (A.P.)



HITLER SEES SOME OF THE CASUALTIES OF HIS POLISH CAMPAIGN IN A MOBILE MILITARY HOSPITAL. THESE CASUALTIES NEUTRAL OBSERVERS DESCRIBE AS BEING VERY HEAVY AND PRODUCING A DEPRESSING EFFECT IN GERMANY. (S. and G.)



## CAMOUFLAGED, AND WITH "BALLOON" TYRES: A BRITISH LONG-RANGE GUN.



TRAINING FOR ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE "HEAVIES"—THE GUN CREW OF A HIGH-VELOCITY GUN FIRING AT A GREAT RANGE.

In common with all units of the Army, heavy artillery is now undergoing intensive training for active service. The size of the wheels of the gun in our picture, which enable it to be towed to its site, is vividly conveyed by the comparison of the men beside them. The term "heavy artillery" is applied to pieces heavier than medium artillery, this last consisting of 60-pounder guns and 6-in. howitzers. Heavy artillery is largely used in attacking objectives behind the enemy lines—its modern ally in this respect being the bomber. The Air Force and artillery are, indeed, mutually

inter-dependent to a considerable degree—reconnaissance 'planes "spotting" the targets for the big guns. The war of 1914-18 played, of course, a large part in developing artillery tactics, one factor having an important bearing on this being the advent of tanks. At Cambrai, for instance, it was found that tanks could carry out tasks which had previously fallen to the artillery—they had a very great demoralising effect, they could create gaps in military defences, such as barbed wire, and they could neutralise small-arms fire. (Central Press.)

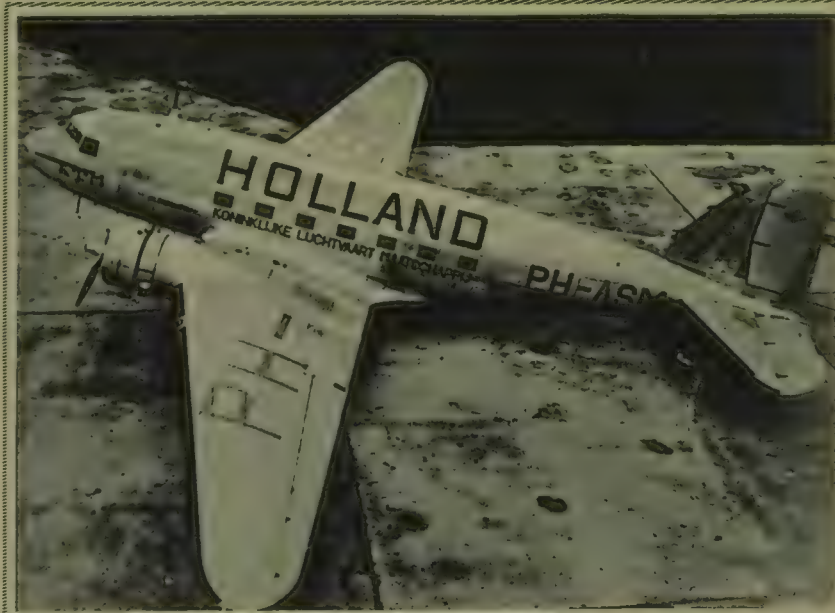


# PEOPLE IN THE NEWS: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



TESTING ONE OF HOLLAND'S MOST IMPORTANT DEFENCES AGAINST INVASION: THE DUTCH C-IN-C. (LEFT), INSPECTING INUNDATIONS NEAR UTRECHT.

Although Germany has emphasised that she will respect the integrity of neutral countries the Dutch Government have tested one of Holland's main defences against invasion—that of inundation—in some of the country near Utrecht. Above is seen the C-in-C. of all the Netherlands Forces, Baron J. J. G. van Vooert Tot Voort inspecting the result Dutch waterways have been allowed to reach a higher level than before. (Wide World.)



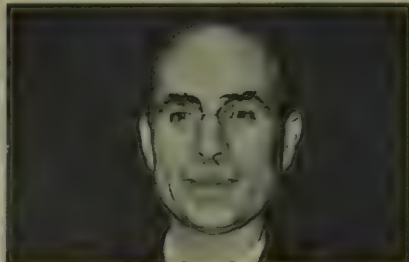
THE DUTCH AIR LINER WHICH A GERMAN 'PLANE ATTACKED, KILLING A SWEDISH ENGINEER—LEADING TO GERMAN APOLOGIES TO SWEDEN AND HOLLAND.

Germany officially apologised to Holland and Sweden for her seaplane's attack on September 26 on the Dutch air liner seen above, in which a Swedish engineer was killed, a bullet passing through his heart. The plane was flying from Malmö, Sweden, to Amsterdam. There was no panic, and the plane landed safely in Amsterdam. The German excuse was weather conditions, and the machine's similarity to "a well-known type of enemy warplane." (Wide World.)



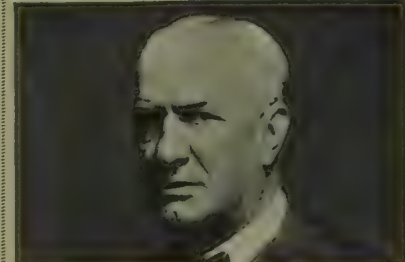
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE POLISH LEGION: GENERAL LADYSLAW SIKORSKI.

It is announced that General Sikorski, a former Polish Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, and victor over the Russian forces at Wkra in 1920, is to be Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Legion being formed in France.



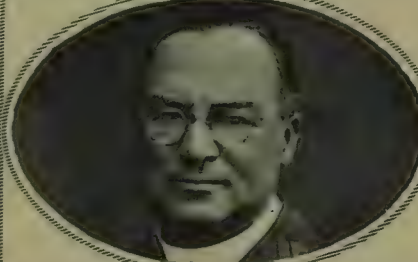
LEADER OF THE TURKISH MISSION TO LONDON: GENERAL KIAZIM ORBAY.

The Turkish military and technical mission to Great Britain, led by General Kiazim Orbay, arrived in London on October 3 to continue the discussion of various technical and other arrangements into which the two Governments have entered. (See page 554.)



M. CONSTANTIN ARGETOIANU, THE NEW PREMIER OF RUMANIA.

After the assassination of M. Calinescu on September 21, Gen. Argeseanu, President of the Rumanian Senate, was temporarily appointed Premier. On September 29 a new Cabinet was formed by M. Constantin Argetoianu, a former Rumanian Finance Minister.



APPOINTED CHAPLAIN-GENERAL TO THE FORCES: THE REV. C. D. SYMONS.

Dr. C. D. Symons, appointed on September 4 Chaplain-General to the Forces in succession to the Rev. E. H. Thorold, has been Assistant Chaplain-General at Aldershot since 1938. Assistant Chaplain-General in Egypt, 1937-38. Chaplain, the Brigade of Guards, 1932-34.



UNITED KINGDOM REPRESENTATIVE IN EIRE: SIR JOHN MAFFEY, G.C.M.G.

Mr. de Valera announced in the Dail on September 27 that, by arrangement between the British and Irish Governments, Sir John Maffey had been appointed as the United Kingdom representative in Eire. He will deal with special economic and political problems.



MR. KNICKERBOCKER, WHO DISCLOSED DETAILS OF NAZI FORTUNES ABROAD.

The first revelations of the extent of the private fortunes secured outside Germany by National-Socialist leaders were made by the American journalist, Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker, in the New York "Journal and American" and "World Telegram."



SIGNOR GIUSEPPE BASTIANINI, THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

Signor Giuseppe Bastianini, appointed to succeed Count Grandi as Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was Italian Ambassador to Poland from 1932 to 1936, since when he has acted as Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in Rome.



ALDERMAN SIR WILLIAM COXEN, ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ON SEPTEMBER 29.

Sir William George Copen, Alderman of the Ward of Billingsgate, was elected Lord Mayor of London on September 29 in succession to Alderman Sir Frank Bowater. He is seventy-two years of age and was elevated to the Aldermanship of Billingsgate in 1931.



ONCE THE GERMAN LINER "BISMARCK" AND LATER THE WHITE STAR LINER "MAJESTIC": THE NAVAL TRAINING-SHIP "CALEDONIA," DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Laid down in 1913 to be the crack German liner "Bismarck" (56,599 tons), and later the British White Star Transatlantic liner "Majestic," the naval training-ship "Caledonia" was destroyed by fire on September 29. No one was aboard at the time of the fire. Previously workmen had been stripping the ship's interior. The "Bismarck" was handed over to Britain after the last war. Her service as a Transatlantic liner ended in 1936. (Topical.)



THEIR MAJESTIES' PART IN THE DAY OF NATIONAL PRAYER: THE KING AND QUEEN AT ST. PAUL'S; WITH THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR.

The Sunday of October 1 was observed as a Day of National Prayer in places of worship throughout the country. In this the King and Queen took their part, without ceremony, attending the morning service at St. Paul's Cathedral. Their Majesties were accompanied by the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Bowater. The King wore undress naval uniform. Representatives of the City Corporation and fighting Services were present. (Fox Photos.)



# LE DERNIER CRI IN GAS-MASK CONTAINERS: A VARIETY OF STYLES.



THE OFFICIAL EXHORTATION TO "TAKE YOUR GAS-MASK WITH YOU" LOSES MUCH OF ITS GRIMNESS WHEN IT IS POSSIBLE TO STOW THE UNÆSTHETIC-LOOKING OBJECT AWAY IN SUCH WELL-DESIGNED, NOT TO SAY *CHIC*, CONTAINERS AS THESE.

The British public has not been slow in following the example set by our elegant and philosophical allies on the other side of the Channel in deciding to take lightly some of the more distressing implications of their common war-time civilian life. True, we have not yet made, as in Paris, a paste-and-paper picture gallery of our plate-glass windows; but in the matter of gas-mask carriers, of which the Parisian favours the cylinder type, an amazing variety to suit all tastes has suddenly appeared in the London shops. Those illustrated at the top of this page are,

in differing degrees of fashion, effectively utilitarian; but one model at least, in black box-calf (bottom left), is designed to hold also a purse and a handkerchief, while the opposite (right) article will be useful after the war to carry binoculars or opera-glasses. The centre style, and one below, would, when closed, scarcely be distinguishable from camera-cases; and the crocodile-skin type (centre left) is both *chic* and light. But, with all credit to the designers, we may express a hearty wish to see the day when gas-mask cases have all become museum pieces!



# THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: GERMAN AND RUSSIAN MANŒUVRES.

By CYRIL FALLS.

A LULL in the battle affords opportunity for a survey of the situation, with particular reference to the possible intentions of Germany and Russia. The eagle first maimed the Polish prey; then the hyena sprang upon it from behind and put an end to its brave struggle for life. Now the two are gorging upon the carcase, not, it would appear, without an occasional shriek or angry flapping of wings on the one side and a snarl on the other. Yet the latest Moscow pact renders unlikely the outbreak of any open quarrel in the near future, unless these creatures are very much less astute than one takes them to be.

That a fourth Partition of Poland was provided for in the pre-war pact is obvious. Some observers, particularly in France, have suggested that Germany called in Russia because Polish resistance was more stubborn than the former had expected. My own personal view is to the contrary. It seems more probable that it was Stalin who decided that the hour for intervention had struck. This is not to suggest, however, that the Russian move was made in any spirit of jubilation. The Kremlin dictator has for long been a nervous man, as busy with the bow-string as any mediæval Sultan, and his present action seems to be defensive rather than offensive. He is, however, a good enough strategist to realise that an active defensive is superior to a passive, and that a successful defensive may in due course provide opportunity for a counter-offensive. He has already scored some pretty points, which Hitler has conceded with the best grace he could muster. For, make no mistake about this, if Russia is afraid of Germany, Germany desires no quarrel with Russia, which would detain in the East far more troops than she would normally be compelled to leave there. Partners in crime are seldom good comrades, but Germany would appear to be bound to stick to her confederate while under the menace of the untouched strength of France and Britain.

Let us try to put ourselves into the skin of Stalin—thankful the while that the process is metaphorical only—and look for the advantages which Russia may be supposed to derive from her invasion of Poland. First, there is the obvious one, the recovery of those eastern Polish territories, mainly inhabited by "White" and "Little" Russians, which were wrested from her by Poland. This is a surface motive, though none the less real for that, and there are certainly others below. One is possibly the hope of checking German penetration of the Balkans by way of Rumania, a country very rich not in oil only, but also in corn. The newly-marked Russo-German boundary blocks not merely the Rumanian frontier, but also all but a fraction of the Hungarian. A second is probably a hankering after the former Russian territory beyond the Dniester, known as Bessarabia, now in the hands of Rumania. In this connection it should not be forgotten that Bessarabia represents by no means all the territory recently acquired by Rumania from neighbours who might be glad to regain possession of it. Transylvania was transferred to her from Hungary as a result of the last European War, and only just before that, in the Second Balkan War, she had seized the Dobruja from Bulgaria. An attempt to reduce Rumania to her boundaries of 1912 by egging-on Hungary and Bulgaria to help themselves to the spoils is not wholly out of the question. With Europe, and perhaps not Europe only, in the melting-pot, predatory instinct is easily aroused and may be further incited by threats. Finally, Russia has been from the first anxious to increase her power in the eastern Baltic. It is an open secret that it was her cynical attitude towards the little Baltic States which rendered any

agreement between her and Great Britain impossible. Now she has stretched her hand out over Estonia, which has yielded with good grace and seems so far to think that she has come out of the business very lightly. Perhaps she has—so far.

One result of the recent agreement in Moscow renders our own position easier and relieves us of a complication. Great Britain and France entered this war in fulfilment of their pledges to Poland, but it could not be expected that

from the general spirit. The country is in no mood for any such talk, as it would quickly prove to any public man who indulged therein openly. Apart from the fact that it revolts their moral sense, the British people are determined not to risk allowing Germany to seize yet another limited objective and escape retribution. They know that they would then have to return to the intolerable situation in which they stood after the rape of Czechoslovakia. They know that there can be no real

cessation of hostilities while Hitlerism remains in the ascendant in Germany. It would all have to be fought out again, perhaps next spring, perhaps next autumn; and they would rather fight it out now. Such is the only answer to these questionings, and such, so far as I see it, is the only answer to be made to the Hitler-Stalin "peace offensive" launched from Moscow. British and French nerve is not what I believe it to be if the Western democracies take this terrific pronouncement at its face value.

In fact, Germany's immediate aims are no clearer than those of Russia. It seems to be taken for granted that the recent negotiations in Moscow had the chief object of freeing Germany's hands in the East so that she might be enabled to launch a major attack in the West. That is indeed possible, but it is far from certain. At the moment, Germany's chief aspirations are concerned with south-eastern Europe. She looks upon France and Great Britain as nuisances and spoil-sports who are attempting to interfere with her profitable programme. Doubtless she has it in mind to deal with them at some future period. Yet, for the time being—though for the time being only—she comes as near to the truth as she ever does when she declares that she has no quarrel with them. Indeed, she has none, save the quarrel of the gangster with the good citizen who, without having been attacked himself, is striving to restore order in a community wherein the law has broken down. If the major attack should be launched, and especially if it should be accompanied by violation of Belgian or Dutch territory, it would be the result of rage and desperation rather than natural choice.

As I write, there is still no full Russo-German military alliance and no certainty that one will be concluded, though the hint that it is impending is being sedulously spread abroad to make our flesh creep. We have no cause to be

perturbed. The situation is extremely ugly, even grim, and the bandits to whom we find ourselves opposed have undoubtedly made a good start and piled up a considerable store of booty. Yet nothing has occurred which has not been on the cards from the very first. If Germany has acquired some advantages, she has also suffered heavy loss in trade, even on balance. We, on the contrary, stand where we did a month ago from that point of view; from the military point of view we are infinitely stronger and growing stronger day by day. There are no differences of view to speak of, no cracks in our front. We are prepared for a very tough and possibly a very long struggle. The universal sentiment is that, were it twice as grim in prospect, it would still have to be faced, rather than that we should go on living cheek by jowl with and under the menace of the abomination now stalking abroad.



THE MEETING OF THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL IN FRANCE ON SEPTEMBER 12: A DRAWING BY A FRENCH ARTIST, SHOWING (L. TO R.) LORD CHATFIELD, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, M. DALADIER, AND GENERAL GAMELIN.

With the purpose of making possible direct personal exchange of views on the present situation and on the measures to be taken in the immediate future, a meeting of the Supreme War Council was held on French soil on September 12, attended by the Prime Minister and Lord Chatfield (Minister for Co-ordination of Defence), for Great Britain, and M. Daladier and General Gamelin, Chief of the National Defence Staff, for France. (From the Drawing by J. Simont.)

they would have any particular concern for Polish territory east of the so-called "Curzon Line," territory mainly peopled by Russians and which Poland would have been wiser not to acquire. Actually, Russia is established roughly along the "Curzon Line," and it is only in the district near Bialystok that she has seized part of ethnic Poland. For a time, however, it appeared that Russia had grabbed a great deal more, and this would have placed us in a dilemma.

A few of the weaker brethren in this country had, indeed, begun to indulge in some unfortunate, if private, chopping of logic. Our initial war aims, they pointed out, were to protect Poland and restore her if she should be overwhelmed. If, in fact, her restoration were now a practical impossibility, even up to the "Curzon Line," what were we to do? Go to war with Russia? And would the people of this country endure the horrors of war merely for the sake of



## BEHIND THE LINES ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



READY FOR ACTION: FRENCH TROOPS, INCLUDING CAVALRY UNITS, ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



POILUS AT THE "STAND EASY" OUTSIDE A TYPICALLY FRENCH VILLAGE.



IN THE ROLLING COUNTRYSIDE: FRENCH INFANTRY, WITH HORSE-DRAWN GUN-CARRIAGES.



"LET FRANCE AND ENGLAND MOUNT THEIR BATTERING CANNON": MOVING UP FRENCH HEAVY ARTILLERY TO THEIR POSITIONS.



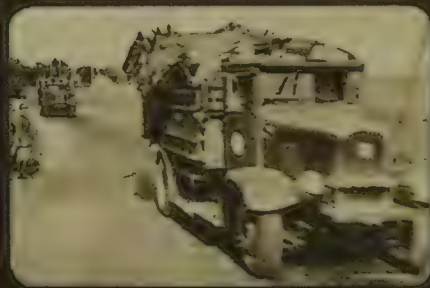
THE SINEWS OF WAR—A COLUMN OF AMMUNITION CARTS, DRAWN BY MULES, ON THE MARCH ON A ROAD ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



A SMALL TANK ENTERS ITS LORRY FOR ROAD MOVEMENT.



A "MESSERSCHMITT" FIGHTER BROUGHT DOWN BY FRENCH A.A. THE PILOT, SLIGHTLY WOUNDED, WAS CAPTURED.



THE MECHANISED TRANSPORT OF HORSES TO THE FRONT.



FRENCH PEASANTS MAKE THE SAD TREK AWAY FROM THE WAR ZONE.



FRENCH ARTILLERYMEN LOADING A FIELD-GUN.

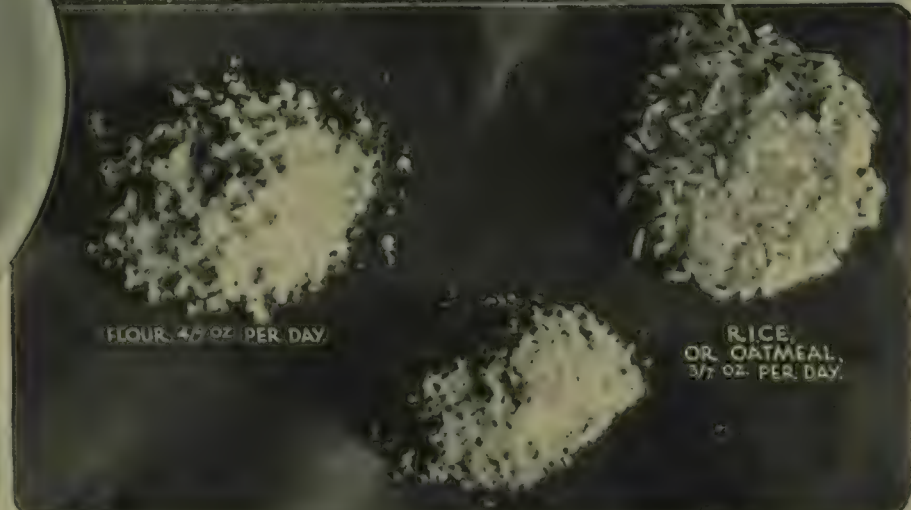
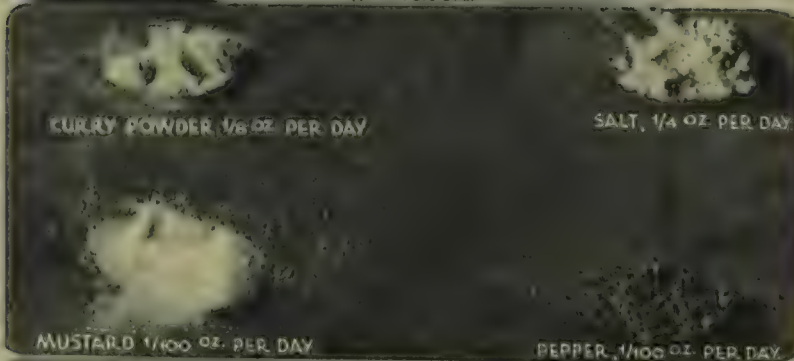
One point of interest which emerges from these photographs (some of which will be familiar to our readers from the Gaumont-British news-reels) of French activities on the Western Front is that the horse is seen still to be of military use—even if, as appears in one of the pictures, he has to be transported to the front by lorry. This, in any case, is also true of the small tanks, which can be transported by road to the country in which they are to operate much more quickly by lorry than on their own caterpillar tracks. The strategic position of France after a month's hostilities on the Western Front was examined on September 30 at a conference between M. Daladier, the Prime Minister and War Minister, and the various heads of the fighting forces. These included General Gamelin, the Commander-in-Chief, who on the following day announced that

newspaper correspondents were to be allowed to visit the front. "I am glad," said General Gamelin, "to be able to send you to the lines. It is time to raise the curtain of silence." Competent observers, reflecting the views of the military authorities, were reported to be extremely satisfied with the results so far obtained. French forces have consolidated those positions won during the first month lying in the "No Man's Land" between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines, a cautious advance having cleared the area of traps and defence outposts. Two German towns are menaced—Zweibruecken and Saarbruecken, the latter being surrounded on three sides, and, as we go to press, being expected to fall soon. Due largely to this cautious attack, the loss of French lives has been minimised: German losses, on the other hand, are reported heavy, due to repeated counter-attacks.

Photographs by L.N.A., P.N.A., A.P., Wide World, and Planet.



# THE RATIONS OF THE BRITISH FIELD FORCE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE.



THE ARTICLES OF DIET, AND THE AMOUNT ALLOWED PER MAN, WHICH BRITISH TROOPS RECEIVE ON ACTIVE SERVICE: A DIET SUPERIOR IN CERTAIN ASPECTS TO FORMER PEACETIME RATIONS—AND INCLUDING A CHOICE OF EIGHT KINDS OF JAM!

Above we show the scale of rations allowed to British troops on service—and with the choice of eight different kinds of jam, the "plum-and-apple" complaints of 1914-18 will not be heard in this war! Furthermore, in some cases the amount allowed is larger than that of the peacetime Army rations quoted in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Thus in the latter we find 12 oz. meat; 2 oz. bacon; 1½ oz. sugar; ¾ oz. tea; and 1 oz. margarine. In the corresponding wartime rations of to-day there are the following increases: of meat, 2 oz.; of bacon, 1 oz.;

of sugar, 2 oz.; of tea, ¾ oz.; of margarine—which also includes some butter—½ oz. It should, too, be remembered that in the cases of tinned salmon, herrings, rice, and flour, it does not follow that, for example, ¾ oz. salmon would be consumed daily: but, say, once weekly, making the portion 3 oz. The rum ration is an extra, issued at the discretion of the divisional commander; but a man may take a pint of tea or cocoa instead if he wishes. (Photographs taken at Selfridge's specially for "The Illustrated London News.")



# "ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?—NO!!!" BRITISH TROOPS *EN ROUTE* FOR THE FRONT.



AS IN THE LAST WAR, AN IMPORTANT EVENT FOR BRITISH UNITS BEFORE GOING ON ACTIVE SERVICE: KIT INSPECTION ON A REGIMENTAL PARADE-GROUND. *Topical.*



"ALL CORRECT, SERGEANT!": A YOUTHFUL N.C.O., WEARING A MARKSMANSHIP BADGE, HELPING AN EQUALLY YOUTHFUL SERGEANT WITH FINAL KIT ADJUSTMENTS. *(Topical.)*

AS these pictures amply testify, if the personnel of the new British Expeditionary Force to France is totally different from that of 25 years ago, the spirit animating the men reveals itself as unflinchingly cheerful as it always was in the last war. Certainly the Tommies shown above, so good-humouredly leaving home to face the perils of modern war on the new Western Front, have good reason for coolness and confidence, for they are better equipped and prepared for active service than were the handful of divisions which crossed the Channel under the command of Sir John French; and there is a further reason for confidence in the Maginot Line, which was, of course, non-existent in those shattering first weeks of the German invasion of France and Belgium in 1914.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF ON THE SHORES OF THE CHANNEL: BRITISH UNITS DISSEMBARKING AT A FRENCH PORT WHICH WELCOMED THEIR PREDECESSORS IN THE PREVIOUS WAR—DISPLAYING EQUAL DETERMINATION, BUT FAR MORE ELABORATELY EQUIPPED. *(Official Photograph.)*



"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?—NO!!!": BRITISH TOMMIES, SINGING, CHEERING, AND LAUGHING, PHOTOGRAPHED AT AN ENGLISH RAILWAY SIDING BEFORE ENTRAINING FOR THE FRONT. *(A.P.)*



PLAYING "LOTTO," OR "HOUSE"—AN OLD FAVOURITE WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1914-18: A SCENE IN A TRANSPORT ON ITS WAY TO FRANCE; THE MEN WEARING LIFEBELTS. *Official Photograph.*



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## LETHAL WEAPONS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

JUST now the very unpleasant theme of war and all its associated horrors is disturbing the peace of mind of us all. We contemplate it from many aspects, according to our temperaments, and the life we lived before these days of turmoil. To those interested in the history of the "Ascent of Man" and his mental progress, it presents one outstanding feature—his unlovely readiness to go out and kill something. From the very beginning he sought weapons other than his teeth and fists, though his progress in proficiency was a long and toilsome one. He began, it is true, in having to kill in self-defence from "the lower orders of creation." But Man has always been a quarrelsome animal; and "warfare" with neighbouring communities, fighting with his immediate neighbours, and raids on those further afield must have been of frequent occurrence since the days of Piltown Man, long thousands of years ago.

He began with a club. Then came the "Stone Age," and a jagged flint at the end of a club. Here he found a most useful weapon to settle differences speedily. Bronze axes and spears followed; and then came the great day of fire-arms. Poison-gas and bombs carried him a stage farther. To-day, in addition, he makes use of the heavens to enable him to spread death and destruction on all around him. Man's greater brain-power has enabled some tribes of mankind to outdo "the beasts of the field" in mercilessness. I had almost said "beastliness"—but these "inferior creatures" have generally been left far behind in the lust for slaughter and greed for territory.

Pondering on this theme, I fell to a survey of the evolution of the various means of destruction among these "inferior creatures" which have come into being in the course of millions of years. Just now, let me say something of "weapons," some of which

millions of years ago. But these lethal weapons did not come into being of malice aforethought, but, one might almost say, automatically, by the transformation of pre-existing organs; though the precise incentive

from two to three inches, and the sting of one of these inflicts a most painful wound. Fabre gave a most wonderful description of two species which hunt for spiders. These they first paralyse by stinging the nerve-cord, and then carry them down into their burrows to be slowly consumed alive by the larvæ.

Now let us turn to the scorpions (Fig. 1). They are not pleasant creatures to look at, and most unpleasant in their ways. If two are ever found together they are either courting or one is eating the other! Even in their courtship they are unsavoury, for, after mating, the female commonly eats her mate! The sting, carried at the end of the tail, points downwards; but when in use is turned upwards over the back. It is not complex in structure, but is filled with a most virulent poison, used, apparently, to kill prey—spiders and insects—too large to be torn in pieces at once. One injection kills its victim instantaneously. On men, a stab with this sting is followed by intense pain and swelling, lasting sometimes for days.

In the ichneumon-flies (Fig. 2), of which there are some 6000 species, we find the clue to the sting of the wasp-tribe, which is only a modified ovipositor. This, in these flies, is used for piercing the bodies of other insects, commonly caterpillars of butterflies and moths. This done, eggs are passed down this strange lancet into the body of the victim. On hatching, they slowly feed upon the body of the unfortunate caterpillar, and this is done always without damaging either the nerve-cord or the main blood-vessel. By the time the parasite has completed its larval life, the caterpillar has become a chrysalis—and dies forthwith. The piercing powers of this ovipositor are really wonderful. For there are some species which prey on larvæ of saw-flies (Fig. 3) living within tree-trunks completely hidden from view. How they are discovered by these ravaging invaders is unknown. But when a victim is found, the wood is pierced by the lancet-like ovipositor and the egg thrust into the burrow. On hatching, the larva quickly seizes on the rightful occupant and feeds upon its living body!

But there are some microscopic "chalcid" flies which lay their eggs *within* the eggs of other insects. Two or three such species, for this purpose enter the water to seek out the eggs of dragon-flies and other



FIG. 1. SHOWING THE STING CARRIED AT THE END OF THE TAIL, WHICH IS FILLED WITH A MOST VIRULENT POISON, USED TO KILL PREY TOO LARGE TO BE TORN IN PIECES AT ONCE: THE FULVOUS-FOOTED SCORPION (*PALAMNGUS FULVIPES*).

Unpleasant to look at, scorpions are decidedly unpleasant in their ways, often devouring each other. Even after mating, the female commonly eats her mate! One injection of the virulent poison carried in the tail kills its victim instantaneously. When not in use, the curved point is turned downwards. When about to attack the tail is turned upwards over the back.

to these changes we can only guess at. Such weapons may be lodged either in the mouth or at the tail-end of the body. To-day, let us survey those of the latter type.

The sting of the bee, or wasp, is, as everyone knows, extremely painful. But the nature of the weapon by which it is inflicted is by no means a matter of general knowledge. Kipling has assured us that, when angered, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." It is certainly true of the wasp and the bee, since the male is weaponless, for the sting was originally an ovipositor.

The wasp's sting is the more efficient of the two, though structurally it differs only in minor details from that of the bee. In both it would require a long and tedious description, and many drawings, to demonstrate its marvellous complexity, and the beautiful adjustments of its several parts. Hence it must suffice to say that the most important elements in its composition are formed by two long, extremely slender and pointed "needles," working side by side under the cover of a gutter-shaped sheath—the "director," with a tip as sharply pointed as that of the needles. These last have, near their free ends, a series of barbs. Between the needles, triangular in form, and meeting below along their edges, there is enclosed a tubular space filled, from a "pocket" at the base of the needles, by an acid fluid, which forms the poison following immediately on the puncture made by the needles. It flows out through holes pierced through the wall of the needles immediately behind each of the jagged "saw-toothed" points already referred to, driven along by the contraction of special muscles attached to the poison-bag. In the common wasp it is used only as a defensive weapon when danger threatens. But there are giant wasps, of the family *Pompilidae*, attaining to a length of



FIG. 2. THE ICHEUMON-FLY (*RHYSSA PERSUASORIA*), OF WHICH THERE ARE SOME SIX THOUSAND SPECIES, WITH ENORMOUSLY LONG OVIPOSITOR FOR THRUSTING DOWN INTO BURROWS CONTAINING LARVAL SAW-FLIES.

This ichneumon-fly thrusts its ovipositor into the tunnels containing saw-fly larvæ and deposits therein an egg which, on hatching, attacks and feeds on the living larva. The piercing powers of the ovipositor are wonderful, it being strong enough to thrust down to its victim through bark and wood. (Photograph by Harold Bastin.)

exceed in perfection anything that man has yet attained to. Some savage tribes have displayed a fiendish ingenuity in making poisoned arrows and barbed spears. Many of the insect-tribe achieved as much



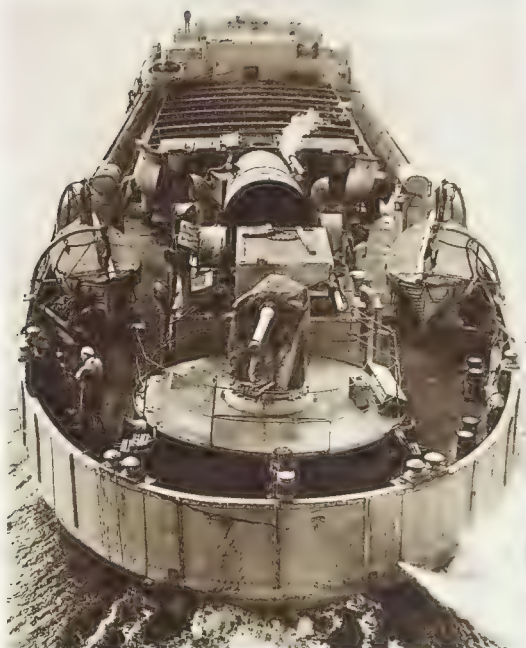
FIG. 3. THE GREAT SAW-FLY (*SIREX*), WHICH DRIVES HOLES THROUGH THE BARK OF TREES WITH ITS OVIPOSITOR AND LAYS AN EGG IN EACH. THE LARVA, ON HATCHING, IS OFTEN CONSUMED ALIVE BY THE PARASITIC LARVA OF AN ICHEUMON-FLY.

The long spine at the end of the body is not a sting, but is used for boring and drilling through bark into the new wood of forest trees and depositing egg-larvæ.

aquatic insects. One species uses the eggs of a swallow-tailed butterfly. Commonly several eggs are laid within the egg of its victim. In the case of the swallow-tail, as many as twenty such "unwanted babies" have been found *within a single egg*!



## THE ARTS OF SELF-DEFENCE—IN SPORT AND EARNEST— INCLUDING THE ARMING OF MERCHANTMEN AGAINST SUBMARINES.



MEETING THE U-BOAT AND AEROPLANE MENACE TO OUR TRADE BY ARMING OUR SHIPS: AN ARMED MERCHANTMAN IN BRITISH WATERS (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) THE "MAURETANIA," SHOWING HER 6-IN. ANTI-SUBMARINE GUN.

In his speech in the House on September 26, Mr. Winston Churchill, discussing the submarine menace, stated that "Our second reply to the submarine menace was to arm all our merchant ships and fast liners with defensive armament, both against the submarine and the aeroplane." (The first reply had been the convoy system.) Mr. Churchill added that for a fortnight past armed ships had been continually leaving the harbours of this country. Above are seen one of the

armed merchantmen mentioned by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and one of the fast liners in this case, the new "Mauretania," whose maiden voyage a fortnight ago took place recently as last June. The "Mauretania" is a vessel of 34,000 tons. In the picture which we give her here, can be seen the 6-in. anti-submarine gun on her after-deck. She had just made a voyage two days ahead of schedule, carrying 695 passengers. (Photos. by Alpers and Pland.)



ENTERTAINING THE TROOPS—TOMMIES, OFFICERS, AND WOMEN OF THE A.T.S.—WITH A DISPLAY OF "THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE": A BOXING MATCH STAGED IN A TRAINING CAMP, WHERE OTHER FEATURES OF AN AFTERNOON'S RECREATION WERE COMMUNITY SINGING AND RIFLE AND REVOLVER SHOOTING. (Topical Press.)



AN ANTI-GAS CHAMBER OPENED AT KINGSTON TO GIVE INHABITANTS CONFIDENCE IN THEIR MASKS: THE SCENE INSIDE THE GAS CHAMBER. (Central Press.)

A.R.P. headquarters at Kingston-on-Thames opened a special gas-chamber in the Guildhall on September 27 in which the public could test their gas-masks. An official stated that as a number of people seemed dubious about the anti-gas properties of their masks the Corporation thought it a good idea to allow them to test them. "We have had a steady stream of people," he said, "and there have been at least twenty waiting their turn all the time the chamber is open, the



A CHILD BEING PLACED IN A BABY'S GAS "HELMET" OUTSIDE KINGSTON'S GAS CHAMBER, WHERE PEOPLE "ARRIVE NERVOUSLY AND LEAVE CONFIDENTLY." (Keystone.)

average reaction being that they arrive nervously and leave full of confidence." The chamber, which will be kept going for an indefinite period, is open daily from 11 to 12 and 3 to 4 p.m. Before people are allowed into the chamber an official ensures that their masks fit properly, while, if they wish they may see what it is like without masks. Kingston's idea seems well worthy of imitation by other A.R.P. authorities.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

AS a nation, probably

we are not too well informed about the history of Eastern Europe, and, in particular, of that country in whose cause, primarily, we have taken up arms against the enemies of freedom. "For my part—I may speak it to my shame—I have a truant been" to the study of the past in Poland, and with less excuse than most, seeing that in my own family runs a strain of Polish blood. It derives from my wife's maternal grandfather, a certain Count Kuczyński, who, in one of Poland's earlier struggles for independence fought against the Russian oppressor, and was banished, while his brother was sent to Siberia. The Count came to England, with little else but his guitar and the uniform he stood up in. For some time he lived the life of a wandering minstrel, until his knowledge of languages got him a job in the Record Office. Eventually he married an Englishwoman, and their daughter, going to Cornwall as governess in a Yorkshire parson's family on holiday there, became the second wife of Hawker, the Cornish poet. "Can you conceive a Pole in Morwenstow Church?" (says Hawker in a letter about their first acquaintance) —he was, in fact, very proud of the Polish connection. His hatred of German militarism is expressed in his "Carol of the Pruss," dated Christmas Eve, 1870. Count Kuczyński, who was a friend of Chopin, left a short diary relating his experiences as an exile in this country. Some day, perhaps, I may have a chance to publish it.

Since the magnificent heroism of the Polish army and people has been the outstanding feature of the present war, in its early stages, British readers will surely be glad to improve their knowledge concerning the land of their sorely-tried allies. Of two books specially useful for this purpose, one is mainly political, namely: "POLAND: KEY TO EUROPE." By Raymond Leslie Buell, M.A., Ph.D. (Cape; 10s. 6d.). Here we have an able survey of Poland's recent history, with some glimpses of earlier times, and a discussion of her social, economic and international problems. Though writing, of course, before the outbreak of war, the author shows a remarkable prescience in his forecasts of possible results if war should come, which increases the reader's confidence in his facts and general conclusions. Thus, with reference to Russo-German relations, while recalling Germany's former hostility and contempt towards the Soviet, he hints at the *rapprochement* which has since actually occurred. "Hitler," he writes, "has frankly said that German ambitions can be satisfied only at the expense of Russia. . . . On the other hand, the whole of Central Europe to-day fears that, sooner or later, Germany and Russia will not fight, but rather reach an understanding. . . . In *Mein Kampf* Hitler argued against the conclusion of such an alliance. . . . Nevertheless, a situation may be created in the future under which . . . Russia may find it more profitable to come to terms with Germany than to fight."

Poland's present calamity is by no means the first in her troubled history, and she has shown a wonderful power of recuperation. In their capacity for taking punishment and their resilience from adversity, the Poles can vie with the Chinese and the Jews. About a century and a half ago, for instance, events occurred of which Thomas Campbell wrote—

Warsaw's last champion from her height  
survay'd,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid.

And Freedom shriek'd— as Kosciuszko fell.

That was near the close of the eighteenth century. In the Great War of 1914-18, the Poles again endured and survived catastrophe. "Except for Belgium," writes Dr. Buell, "Poland suffered greater devastation than any other European nation. . . . Invading belligerents carried away from Poland 4259 electrical motors and engines, and 3644 tooling machines, the total losses to Poland being placed at ten billion gold francs. Before leaving Poland at the end of the war, the Austro-German armies blew up 7500 bridges and destroyed 940 railway stations. The human loss beggars description in terms of homeless refugees, starving children, families ravaged by typhus and other diseases. Except for the remarkable staying power of the Polish people and for relief extended by the United States, Communism might easily have triumphed."

We all remember how the Nazis used to boast that their régime was Europe's bulwark against Bolshevism. That much-vaunted bulwark has proved a broken reed, but Poland had a stronger claim in that respect. Recalling

Pilsudski's victory over the Bolsheviks in 1920, described by Lord D'Abernon as "the eighteenth Decisive Battle of the World," Dr. Buell quotes him as declaring: "Had the battle been a Bolshevik victory, it would have been a turning-point in European history, for there is no doubt at all that the whole of Central Europe would have been opened to Communist propaganda and Soviet invasion. Had the Communists conquered Poland, they might have been equally successful in neighbouring Germany." Poland's service to Germany at that time has been ill requited. Her services to the cause of world culture would hardly appeal, perhaps, to the Nazi mind. Enumerating some historic Polish personalities Dr. Buell writes: "Copernicus (1473-1543) was a Pole who studied at the University of Cracow in the Middle Ages. Kosciuszko played a rôle in the American Revolution; during the following century the poems of Mickiewicz, the novels of Sienkiewicz, and the music of Chopin were known to an international audience. The names of Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, Rubinstein, Conrad, Reymont, and

living. . . .  
Woodrow

Wilson was the first world statesman to espouse Polish independence publicly. . . . America's interest in Poland did not stop with the Peace Conference. During the reconstruction period American relief missions alleviated widespread misery in the country."

Further evidence of Polish national tenacity under oppression is given in "TOWNS AND PEOPLE OF MODERN POLAND." By Robert McBride. With Illustrations and Maps (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.). This book is a blend of personal travel experiences with slices of Polish history recalled by the places visited. The author, we are told, returned recently (that is, apparently, in the early part of this summer) from an extensive tour of Poland, and he describes vividly all that he saw—cities and rural communities, and the general life of the people. He started from Danzig, and much of his journeying was done by air. He mentions in the course of his account many towns made familiar to British readers and radio-listeners in recent reports of the fighting in Poland. Chief among them, of course, is

Warsaw itself, and others include Wilno (Vilna), Lwow (Lemberg), Cracow, "cradle of the Polish nation," Czestochowa, "the holiest shrine in Poland," and Poznan, which possesses a statue of President Wilson, by an American sculptor, commemorating the President's advocacy of the Polish cause. Poznan, which was the old capital of German Poland, also contains "what was probably the last palace built by the former Kaiser William II. . . . commenced in 1905 in order to conciliate the Polish people, who were restless under the Prussian yoke."

Possibly some people cherish the illusion—which Nazi propagandists have done little to dispel—that the question of Danzig and the Polish Corridor was the invention of those cruel oppressors of innocent Germany who concocted the Treaty of Versailles! Mr. McBride recalls that the Polish claim to that district is of much more ancient origin. "For centuries," he writes, "the ancient Kingdom of Poland fought for an outlet on the sea. Boleslaus I., called the Brave, who reigned in the early-eleventh century, was the first to recognise the importance to his country of a foothold on the Baltic coast. He gained it by uniting Polish Pomerania to his kingdom. There followed constant wars to protect the newly-won corridor to salt water. In the incessant conflict which lasted for two hundred years the great enemies were the Teutonic Knights of the Cross, who finally seized the territory and shut Poland in for a century and a half. During succeeding centuries the Poles fought valiantly against the Swedes and Prussians in an endeavour to regain and hold the outlet, which was narrowed and widened according to the fortunes of strife. By 1791, with the advent of the so-called Second Partition, Prussia seized Pomerania, and Poland again became an interior state. When in 1916 President Wilson declared for a free and autonomous Poland with a corridor to the sea, and later embodied this demand as one of his famous Fourteen Points, it struck a responsive chord in the heart of every Pole. The Treaty of Versailles, guaranteeing this eye to the sea and internationalising Danzig, insured for the Polish people an economically free and vigorous state."

Looking to the future, we must hope that the day may come when Poland will once more arise, phoenix-like, from her ashes. This hope, as indicated above, must rest on that much-tortured nation's power of revival, to which Mr. McBride likewise testifies from his own observation of the thriving landscape and its industrious population, over which the new German invasion has since spread terror and destruction again. "For six years," the author writes, "armies ravaged her cities, and rode roughshod over her countryside, beginning with the German invasion in 1914 and ending with the Bolshevik retreat in 1920. . . . But all this was a thing of the past. Not a trace of devastation remained. People were happy in their new-found freedom, and everywhere were indomitably at work. . . . We have travelled in almost every country in Europe; nowhere have we found agriculture so dominant as in Poland."

The recently reported anti-German movement among the Czechs has lent renewed interest to two books (already briefly mentioned on this page) relating to that nation and their plundered republic. They, too, look forward to a day of retribution and restoration, as shown in "WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN." By Maurice Hindus (Collins; 12s. 6d.), and "EYEWITNESS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA." By Alexander Henderson (Harrap; 10s. 6d.).



A.R.P. IN THE CHURCHES: SANDBAGS PROTECTING THE TOMB OF THE CELEBRATED BISHOP LANCELOT ANDREWES, WHO WAS PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE, IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

Sandbags in our churches and cathedrals bring home as vividly as anything can the all-pervasive aspect of modern war—and this is particularly noticeable when, as in our photograph, the verger is seen snuffing the candles after service. The sandbags in this case are protecting the tomb of Lancelot Andrewes, the celebrated Bishop of Winchester, who was one of those responsible for the Authorised Version of the Bible, published in 1611. Andrewes' delightful personality has inspired the pens of two poets, both famous, but several centuries apart in time—namely, his young contemporary Richard Crashaw, in his poem "Upon Bishop Andrewes' Picture before his Sermons"; and in the twentieth century, Mr. T. S. Eliot in "For Lancelot Andrewes." (A.P.)

Madame Curie are world-famous. Poland was the first country in Europe to establish a department of education; it was one of the first Continental governments to have a parliament and a bill of rights similar to *habeas corpus*."

American readers will be specially interested in that section of Dr. Buell's chapter on Polish foreign policy headed "Poland and the United States," suggesting why Poland's plight again merits practical sympathy across the Atlantic. "The relations between Poland and America," he writes, "go back to the War of Independence. Two of the three most distinguished foreigners in the American Revolution were Poles—Count Pulaski, who met his death on America's behalf, and General Kosciuszko." And again: "In 1844 the New Hampshire legislature passed a resolution stating that the 'cause of Poland is the common cause of the friends of freedom throughout the world.' Several million Poles took up their residence in the United States during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, largely to improve their standards of





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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

WHILE it is no doubt true that the rationing of petrol will cause many motorists to lay up their cars at the end of the period covered by their present road-fund licences, it would be a mistake to think that motoring is going to die out altogether, "for the duration." For those living in London it is obviously going to be cheaper to travel by public vehicles and taxis, owing to the fact that although the distances they travel are shorter than those of country motorists, a greater use has to be made of the indirect gears in streets where traffic lights are met with at frequent intervals. This means that the petrol ration is insufficient for a London motorist to use his car every day for making any but a very limited number of calls, and the overhead charges of tax, insurance and garage accommodation automatically become out of all proportion to the running costs.

The country motorist is better off, because his garage generally costs him nothing, and if his car is lying idle for lack of petrol for a week or so at the end



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of every month, he does not have the feeling that it is "eating its head off." The vast number of people who live twenty or thirty miles from London, and who go to town every day by train, will, I think, keep their cars for station work. A man who lives two miles from the station covers eighty miles a month (excluding Saturdays), if he parks his car at the station all day, and this gives him a margin of seventy miles in hand on the basis that the monthly ration permits a mileage of 150. This is almost sufficient for a double journey, so that his wife could drive him to the station in the morning, do her shopping, drive home again, and collect him again in the evening. In future, his motoring will be expensive in proportion to his mileage, but he will not have to face a heavy garage bill as the London motorist does.

Careful driving is going to make all the difference between the ration being hopelessly inadequate for our individual needs, and just scraping through from



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This photograph was taken at Westwell, near Burford, in one of the prettiest parts of the Cotswolds. The unusual war memorial is made from a figure from the Clock Tower of the Cloth Hall at Ypres.

month to month. We must make sure that every drop of our precious allowance is doing its full work, and that no form of engine waste, however slight, is allowed. In fact, I believe many motorists are, for the first time, going to take the trouble to see that their cars are at concert-pitch. There are all kinds of things that can be done, and one of the simplest steps to ensure economy is to fit a new set of sparking plugs. It is surprising how many motorists never dream of renewing their plugs until some definite trouble, such as misfiring, sets in. What they do not realise is that although good-quality plugs have a long mileage-life, they are not everlasting.





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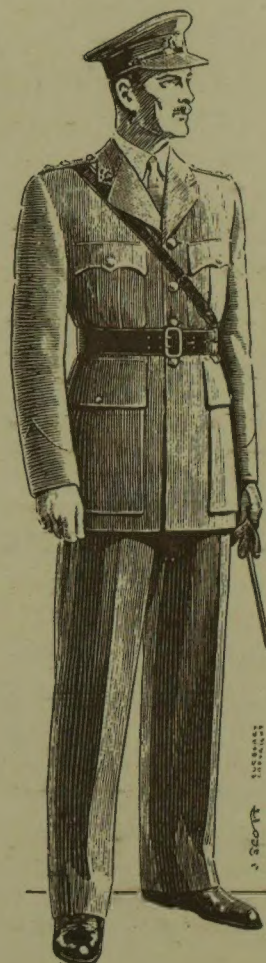
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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

"MISTER JOHNSON" is a negro. And the Mister is no empty formula, but a sign of rank. For Johnson is a "Government man"—that is to say, a clerk in the District Office at Fada. Poor Johnson! When we meet him first he is seventeen years of age. He has learnt to read and write, and to describe himself as a Christian, and talk of England as "home." He is immensely proud of being "civilised." He loves the mindless part of his work, and will practise writing a big "S"—his favourite letter—for half an hour on end. If called upon to use judgment, he goes to pieces. And he has no more grasp of English customs and moralities than a two-year-old.

Unfortunately, he has an exuberant and poetic nature. Parties, admiration, and the *beau rôle* are the very breath of his life, and really good parties—complete with drums and smuggled gin—cost a lot of money. So he owes a good deal all round. He has even stolen from the public funds—not maliciously, but, like Wordsworth's absconding farmer, "in the ease of his heart." When exposure threatens, he is plunged in black despair; he is ill—he is at the point of death. As soon as the evil day has been postponed, he forgets about it and orders another party. And so his troubles accumulate.

Johnson has a time of power and glory. He worships Rudbeck, the District Officer, and Rudbeck has a passion for roads. So, of course, Johnson has a passion for roads. Their joint enthusiasm leads to a cooking of accounts, for which the D.O. is reprimanded and the clerk sacked. Johnson goes to work at the store, under Sergeant Gollup—a singular brute, who finds him giving a party in the compound and turns him out. Johnson leaves the district: only to return in abject poverty, and get a job on the road. Then another spot of embezzlement, and the sack again. And then the last act. He robs the store—less for the sake of money than to show off; he is caught by Sergeant Gollup, and knifes him. He escapes to the charming Bamu, who has deserted him and gone home to her brothers; they give him up. He is sentenced to death, and Rudbeck has the duty of seeing him hanged.

This is an astonishing piece of work. Its great mistake is in asking us to feel for Johnson too much. He is as innocent as a canary; he loves the world, and means nobody any harm. You don't condemn him—but his lies and irresponsibility and emotional shallowness and blindness to all unpleasant facts are rather a bore. But what an astonishing book it is! And how much the author knows about Africa!

"Love in the Sun" has been eulogised (I think) to the point of folly. Mr. Walmsley shouldn't be blamed for that; it's not his fault if he writes a simple and attractive book and someone chooses to describe it as a marvel, a revelation. But it does tend to put one off, and make one ultra-conscious of defects. So, before allowing myself to criticise, I had better say he has produced a kind of story that we all like. Its appeal is timeless and universal. It is, in fact, a variant of "Robinson Crusoe"—without the island.

The narrator and his wife ("Love in the Sun" is autobiography with a dash of fiction) have twenty pounds. They have had to leave "Bramblewick" in debt. They fetch up in Cornwall, take an Army hut in the last stages of disrepair, and convert it inside and out, from top to bottom, with their own hands. They make a garden, and grow vegetables. They buy a little boat, very cheap, and go fishing. They collect crabs, spiders, and other oddments for a zoological firm. In this way they manage to keep alive until the husband has produced his book and the wife her baby. The book is not, financially, a howling success, but it enables them to go on. They buy another boat, and instal the oldest engine in the world, and make it work, too. . . . And he writes another book—and so forth till the grand climax—a film contract.

All their little troubles and contrivances are described in detail, as they should be. In fact, the substance of the book is delightful. The fault is in the tone; it's so remorselessly gushing. Books of this kind should always be sober and sedate—like "Robinson Crusoe"; the romance will come of itself.

Jonathan North is a Robin Hood of big business. He starts profiteering in the cradle, and works himself up from pit boy to millionaire by the old expedient of doing people down. But, though his methods are scandalous, his heart is always in the right place. He supports reform; he is a champion of the under-dog; he means to do a lot of good when he's made his pile. The war provides him with a climax of inconsistency; not content with profiteering and joining up, he subscribes to anti-war movements.

This is a long book, and "Jonty" is all that keeps it together. You are supposed to love him all the more for his piratical exploits, his conceit, his ostentatious vulgarity, his incessant crowing. I thought they wore a bit thin; and I couldn't swallow him, and shouldn't have admired him in any case. But it's an easy book to read. It has superb gusto, and the libel action at the end—"Jonty" conducting his own case—is a day-dream of the first water. Mr. Hodson can write; and writing goes a long way.

"The Stricklands," a tale of two brothers, is sober earnest. Jay and Pat are the sons of a small farmer in

Oklahoma; they are both at war with their surroundings—but differently. Jay is trying to organise a Union; Pat has run wild, and robbed a bank. He is a good lad—not a criminal as yet; but he is reckless, and you feel at once that there is no hope for him. And Jay's love will come to nothing—you can see that. The great obstacle in his work is the colour problem. The white farmers won't co-operate with blacks, and yet, unless they do, it's no use. They do, after, a negro has been horribly murdered. And poor Pat escapes in the only way you can expect; and Jay goes forward into a future of devotion and sacrifice. Jay is the salt of the earth; and this book is worthy of the struggle which it records.

Young Haest has had a frightful experience in China. He survives and returns to England, but the horrors are not to be shaken off. He feels he's going mad, and clutches at sanity in the shape of a beautiful, hard-headed, rather common girl, who is not in love with him. "Nothing is Past" is a first novel of more than promise.

"Lost Heritage" is rather conventional, but pleasant. "Wind Without Rain" is a "powerful" story—almost too powerful. The life of these German farmers in Minnesota is so unbelievably grim, so dominated by sweat and mildew and brutal fathers, that you come to feel it's a joke.

"Trouble for Lucia" is feather-light. Lucia is now her Worship the Mayor, but her feud with Mapp and ingenious pursuit of "face" are not much affected.

"Such Divinity" is another light-weight. A comic accession to the throne of Bothnia—an English youth behind the throne—and in due time a comic revolution. It is consistently naughty, but not, I think, quite funny enough.

Of the three detective stories, my favourite is "Inspector Frost." In "When the Devil was Sick" we have a great house, an ancient, neurotic family, and a legend. "Double Blackmail" almost describes itself.

K. J.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Mister Johnson. By Joyce Cary. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
Love in the Sun. By Leo Walmsley. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)  
Jonathan North. By J. L. Hodson. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)  
The Stricklands. By Edwin Lanham. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)  
Nothing is Past. By Kay Agutter. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
Lost Heritage. By Charles Douie. (John Murray; 7s. 6d.)  
Wind Without Rain. By Herbert Krause. (Cape; 8s. 6d.)  
Trouble for Lucia. By E. F. Benson. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)  
Such Divinity. By Geoffrey Trease. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)  
Inspector Frost and the Whitbourne Murder. By H. Maynard Smith. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)  
When the Devil was Sick. By Carol Carnac. (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.)  
Double Blackmail. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

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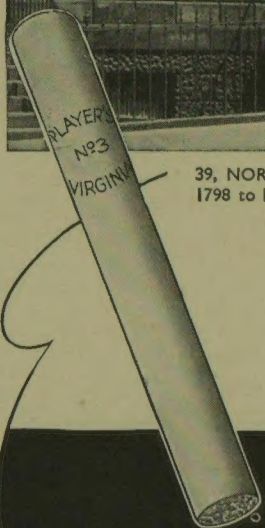
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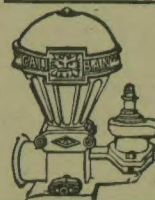
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